

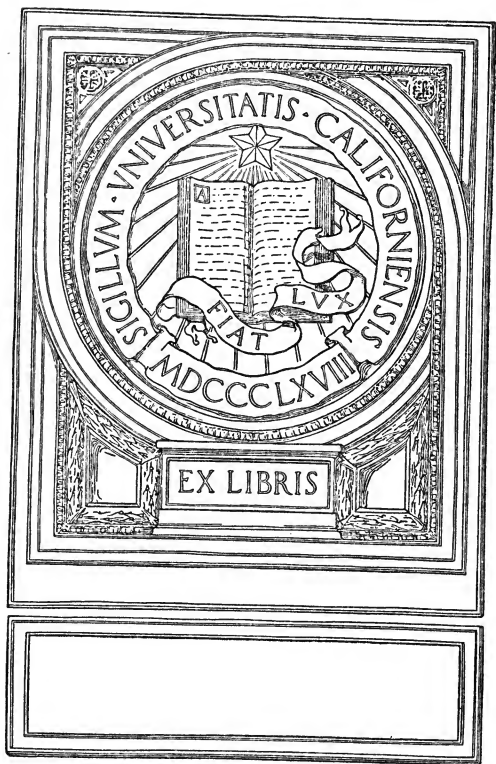
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POEMS
OF HEROISM





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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER WHICH INSPIRED THE SONG

POEMS OF HEROISM

IN

AMERICAN LIFE

EDITED BY

JOHN R. HOWARD

Editor of "The Changing Year" (Nature Verse),
"Poems of Friendship," "Best American
Essays," "Best American Orations," etc.

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PREFACE

THE poems here gathered vary in age from several centuries to a year or two, yet all are American in theme and in spirit. Some of the youngest are among the most vigorous of temperament, while the older ones have enduring welcome for their inspiration. All have arisen from occasions of vital interest.

Grouped in their natural time-periods, they afford what might be called a moving-picture of America's way of entering and of taking a great part in the world's life—from Columbus and the early settlers to the days of Roosevelt and Pershing.

Here are of course old-time favorites for ready reference and revival of interest, other stirring pieces not so familiar, with graphic depictions of events big in American history. Adventure, war and battle are the most active incitements of heroism in all lands; and, peaceful as are the chief aims and blessedness of our people, this Republic has had full share of such agitations. There has been an amplitude of the warlike genius, as well as heroic meeting of disaster in civil life, of daring enterprise and achievement, to inspire poetic expression—an embarrassment of riches for so slight a collection. With no design of making a "school-book," the editor hopes that the terse introductory paragraphs, giving dates and the essential facts inspiring most of the poems, may serve to make the little collection a pleasant and stimulating companion for those pursuing more seriously the study of our American history; linking names and places with the heroic element so fascinating in its life.

The later years have brought us deep problems,—not only warlike, as to active sympathy with the struggles of right against might in other lands, but political and

educational, as to this country's being the refuge of the distressed from turbulent old nations abroad, and their conversion to the genuine American life of "liberty under law"—the only proved foundation of prosperity.

Examples of all these varied phases of making and keeping this heroic land and its institutions as "the last, best hope for mankind" are here assembled. And, naturally, from a selection seeking compactness, there is omitted a vast amount of material quite as worthy of inclusion.

J. R. H.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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To the Publishers, Editors, Authors and their representatives whose consents have been accorded, thanks are due, and cordially rendered. In the following list the titles of poems are omitted, the specific credits being given under each selection.

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For many pieces by famous authors now passed away, so far as practicable their authorized representatives have given their permissions.

Besides the necessary search in original works, current periodicals, etc., the editor has taken counsel also of other poetical collections, and found scattering relevant material. Such are: "Our Country in Poem and Prose," Eleanor Persons (now Mrs. Willett Clark) editor, The American Book Company, publishers; "Beacon Lights of Patriotism," Henry B. Carrington, editor, and "Ballads of American Bravery," Clinton Scollard, editor, Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Company, publishers; "Suggestions for Memorial Day," Bessie Bacon Goodrich,

editor, Vermont State Normal School, publishers; "The Story of Our National Ballads," by C. A. Browne, the Thomas Y. Crowell Company, publishers; "Poems of American Patriotism," Brander Matthews, editor, Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers; and others.

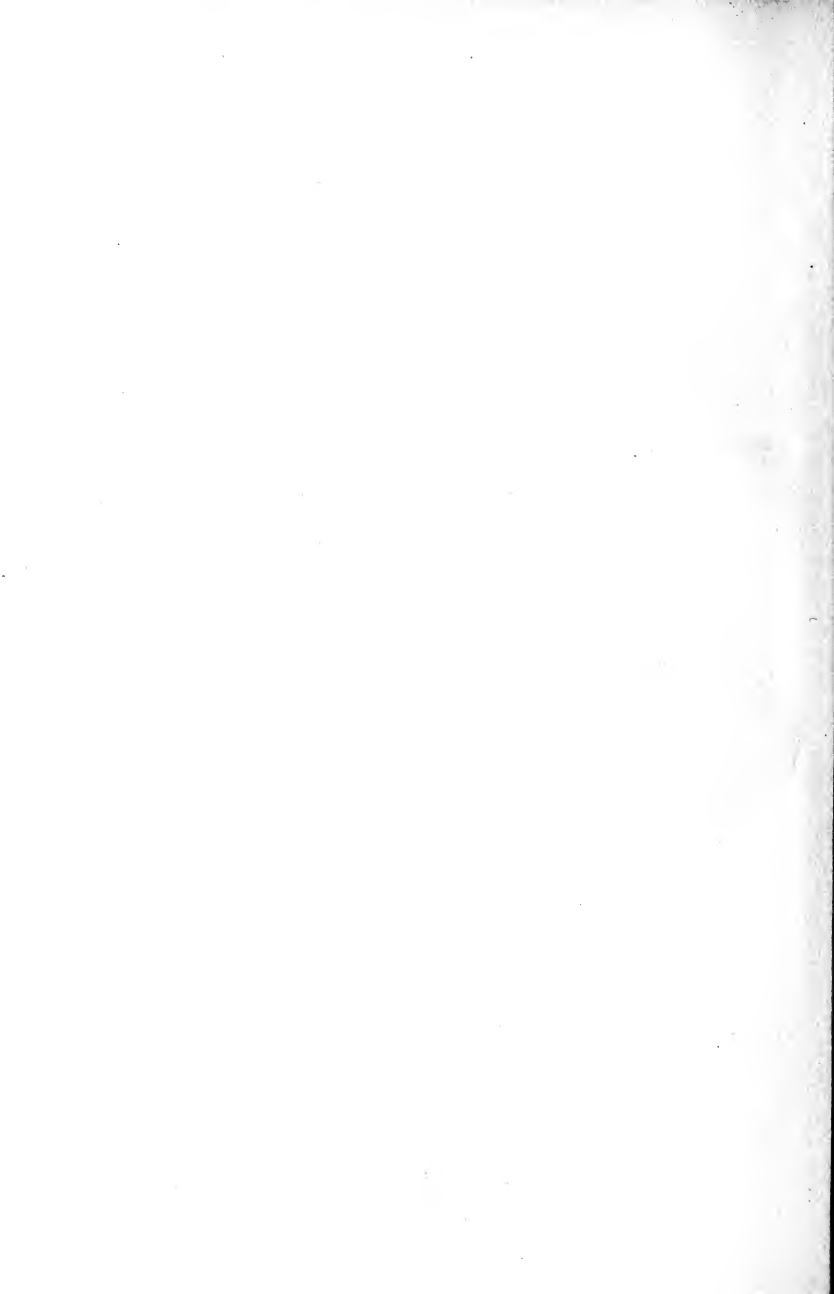
The most widely interesting collection was "Poems of American History," Burton Egbert Stevenson, editor, The Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers. That, with above eight hundred poems, admirably annotated and indexed, is a mine of historical and poetic interest. From it,—besides certain poems from what might be termed "the common stock," found there and elsewhere—have been here reprinted with the editor's permission four pithy anonymous pieces (from old-time journals), with "Manassas" by Catharine M. Warfield and "Eight Volunteers" by Lansing A. Bailey, not elsewhere found, each so credited in its place.

If the present slight collection arouses interest, the reader should find a broader satisfaction in Mr. Stevenson's comprehensive volume, notable for its apposite selection, its abounding variety and its exactitude of text—the latter point being of especial value in this day of many anthologies.

J. R. H.

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I

THE NEW CONTINENT

SELF-COMMUNINGS OF A HERO

FROM "COLUMBUS"

The cordage creaks and rattles in the wind,
With whims of sudden hush; the reeling sea
Now thumps like solid rock beneath the stern,
Now leaps with clumsy wrath, strikes short, and, falling,
Crumbled to whispering foam, slips rustling down
The broad backs of the waves, which jostle and crowd
To fling themselves upon that unknown shore.

Ah me! old hermits sought for solitude
In caves and desert places of the earth,
Where their own heart-beat was the only stir
Of living thing that comforted the year.

Yet to the spirit select there is no choice;
He cannot say, This will I do, or that.

A hand is stretched to him from out the dark,
Which grasping without question, he is led
Where there is work that he must do for God.

Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts;
These are their stay, and when the leaden world
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
And brute strength, like the Gaulish conqueror,

Clangs his huge glaive down in the other scale,
 The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
 And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe,—
 One faith against a whole earth's unbelief,
 One soul against the flesh of all mankind.
 Thus ever seems it when my soul can hear
 The voice that errs not; then my triumph gleams
 O'er the blank ocean beckoning, and all night
 My heart flies on before me as I sail.

.

One day more

These muttering shoalbrains leave the helm to me;
 God, let me not in their dull ooze be stranded.

.

One poor day!—

Remember whose and not how short it is!
 It is God's day, it is Columbus's.
 A lavish day! One day, with life and heart,
 Is more than long enough to find a world.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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 Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

LAND HO!

FROM "COLUMBIA'S BANNER"

"God helping me," cried Columbus, "though fair or foul
the breeze,
I will sail and sail till I find the land beyond the western
seas!"
So an eagle might leave its eyrie, bent, though the blue
should bar,
To fold its wings on the loftiest peak of an undiscovered
star!
And into the vast and void abyss he followed the setting
sun;
But oh, the weary vigils, the murmuring, torturing days,
Till the Pinta's gun and the shout of "Land!" set the
black night ablaze!
Till the shore lay fair as paradise in morning's balm and
gold, .
And a world was won from the conquered deep, and the
tale of the ages told!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

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THE NEW CONTINENT

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

By kind permission of the Author, and of the Publishers, the
Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

THE FIRST AMERICAN SAILORS

*Five fearless knights of the first renown
In Elizabeth's great array,
From Plymouth in Devon sailed up and down—
American sailors they;
Who went to the West,
For they all knew best
Where the silver was gray
As a moonlight night,
And the gold as bright
As a midsummer day—
A-sailing away
Through the salt sea spray,
The first American sailors.*

Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT,¹ he was ONE
And Devon was heaven to him,
He loved the sea as he loved the sun
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
In Holland the Spanish hide he tanned,
He roughed and routed their braggart band,
And God was with him on sea and land;
Newfoundland knew him, and all that coast
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From near the Equator away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the three Americas.

Sir FRANCIS DRAKE,² and he was TWO
And Devon was heaven to him,
He loved in his heart the waters blue
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!

¹ 1539?-1583; ² 1540?-1596.

At Cadiz he singed the King's black beard,
 The Armada met him and fled afeard,
 Great Philip's golden fleece he sheared;
 Oregon knew him, and all that coast,
 For he was one of America's host—
 And now there is nothing but English speech
 For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
 From California away to the Pole;
 While the billows beat and the oceans roll
 On the three Americas.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH,³ he was THREE
 And Devon was heaven to him,
 There was nothing he loved so well as the sea—
 He hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
 Hated him up to the brim!
 He settled full many a Spanish score,
 Full many's the banner his bullets tore
 On English, American, Spanish shore;
 Guiana knew him, and all that coast,
 For he was one of America's host—
 And now there is nothing but English speech
 For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
 From Guiana northward to the Pole;
 While the billows beat and the oceans roll
 On the three Americas.

Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE,⁴ he was FOUR
 And Devon was heaven to him,
 He loved the waves and their windy roar
 And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
 Hated him up to the brim!
 He whipped him on land and mocked him at sea,
 He laughed to scorn his sovereignty,
 And with the *Revenge* beat his fifty-three;
 Virginia knew him, and all that coast,
 For he was one of America's host—
 And now there is nothing but English speech
 For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,

³ 1552-1618; ⁴ 1541-1591.

From the Old Dominion away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the three Americas.

And Sir JOHN HAWKINS,⁵ he was FIVE
And Devon was heaven to him,
He worshiped the water while he was alive
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
He chased him over the Spanish Main,
He scoffed and defied the navies of Spain—
His cities he ravished again and again;
The Gulf it knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From the Rio Grandè away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the three Americas.

Five fearless knights have filled gallant graves
This many and many a day,
Some under the willows, some under the waves—
American sailors they;
And still in the West
Is their valor blest,
Where a banner bright
With the ocean's blue
And the red wrack's hue
And the spoondrift's white
Is smiling to-day
Through the salt sea spray
Upon American sailors.

WALLACE RICE.

With kind permission of the Author.

⁵ 1532-1595.

ODE TO JAMESTOWN

[Settled, under Captain John Smith, May, 1607; burned by Nathaniel Bacon, rebelling against Governor Berkeley, Sept. 19, 1676, ruining the first successful English settlement in Virginia.]

Old cradle of an infant world,
In which a nestling empire lay,
Struggling awhile, ere she unfurled
Her gallant wing and soared away;
All hail! thou birthplace of the glowing west,
Thou seem'st the towering eagle's ruined nest!

What solemn recollections throng,
What touching visions rise,
As, wandering these old stones among,
I backward turn mine eyes,
And see the shadows of the dead flit round,
Like spirits, when the last dread trump shall sound.

The wonders of an age combined
In one short moment memory supplies;
They throng upon my wakened mind,
As time's dark curtains rise.
The volume of a hundred buried years,
Condensed in one bright sheet, appears.

I hear the angry ocean rave,
I see the lonely little bark
Scudding along the crested wave,
Freighted like old Noah's ark,
As o'er the drownèd earth 't was hurled,
With the forefathers of another world.

I see the train of exiles stand,
Amid the desert, desolate,
The fathers of my native land,
The daring pioneers of fate,
Who braved the perils of the sea and earth,
And gave a boundless empire birth.

I see the sovereign Indian range
His woodland empire, free as air;
I see the gloomy forest change,
The shadowy earth laid bare;
And where the red man chased the bounding deer.
The smiling labors of the white appear.

.
The forest reels beneath the stroke
Of sturdy woodman's axe;
The earth receives the white man's yoke,
And pays her willing tax
Of fruits, and flowers, and golden harvest fields,
And all that nature to blithe labor yields.

Then growing hamlets rear their heads,
And gathering crowds expand,
Far as my fancy's vision spreads,
O'er many a boundless land,
Till what was once a world of savage strife
Teems with the richest gifts of social life.

Empire to empire swift succeeds,
Each happy, great, and free;
One empire still another breeds,
A giant progeny,
Destined their daring race to run,
Each to the regions of yon setting sun.

Then, as I turn my thoughts to trace
The fount whence these rich waters sprung.
I glance towards this lonely place,
And find it these rude stones among.
Here rest the sires of millions, sleeping round,
The Argonauts, the golden fleece that found.

.
No one that inspiration drinks,
No one that loves his native land,
No one that reasons, feels, or thinks,
Can mid these lonely ruins stand

Without a moistened eye, a grateful tear
Of reverent gratitude to those that moulder here.

.
Jamestown, and Plymouth's hallowed rock
To me shall ever sacred be,—
I care not who my themes may mock,
Or sneer at them and me.
I envy not the brute who here can stand
Without a thrill for his own native land.

And if the recreant crawl her earth,
Or breathe Virginia's air,
Or in New England claim his birth,
From the old pilgrims there,
He is a bastard if he dare to mock
Old Jamestown's shrine or Plymouth's famous rock.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

POCAHONTAS.

[On one of Captain John Smith's foraging expeditions near his settlement of Jamestown, Va. (December, 1608), he was captured by Indians. They were about to slay him, but Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, their chief, threw herself between him and his executioners, saving his life.]

Wearied arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre,
And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 'tis hard to die by fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd;
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng with sudden start,
See, there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring!
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhatan,
Still 'tis told by Indian fires,
How a daughter of their sires
Saved a captive Englishman.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE WORD OF GOD TO LEYDEN CAME

[A little company of Separatists from the State-governed Church of England, persecuted to exile, left their homes in the town of Scrooby and took refuge in Holland—first in Amsterdam, later (1609) in Leyden. But, seeking a wider freedom for life and religion, by arrangement with the Plymouth Branch of the Virginia Company, they sailed, 101 in number, on the "Mayflower," and after many weeks at sea landed at New Plymouth on Cape Cod, December 21, 1620—the "Pilgrim Fathers."]

The word of God to Leyden came,
Dutch town by Zuyder Zee:
Rise up, my children of no name,
My kings and priests to be.
There is an empire in the West,
Which I will soon unfold;
A thousand harvests in her breast,
Rocks ribbed with iron and gold.

Rise up, my children, time is ripe!
Old things are passed away.
Bishops and kings from earth I wipe;
Too long they've had their day.
A little ship have I prepared
To bear you o'er the seas;
And in your souls my will declared
Shall grow by slow degrees.

Beneath my throne the martyrs cry;
I hear their voice, How long?
It mingles with their praises high,
And with their victor song.
The thing they longed and waited for,
But died without the sight;
So, this shall be! I wrong abhor,
The world I'll now set right.

Leave, then, the hammer and the loom,
You've other work to do;
For Freedom's commonwealth there's room,
And you shall build it too.
I'm tired of bishops and their pride,
I'm tired of kings as well;
Henceforth I take the people's side,
And with the people dwell.

Tear off the miter from the priest,
And from the king, his crown;
Let all my captives be released;
Lift up, whom men cast down.
Their pastors let the people choose,
And choose their rulers too;
Whom they select, I'll not refuse,
But bless the work they do.

The pilgrims rose, at this, God's word,
And sailed the wintry seas:
With their own flesh nor blood conferred,
Nor thought of wealth or ease.
They left the towers of Leyden town,
They left the Zuyder Zee;
And where they cast their anchor down,
Rose Freedom's realm to be.

JEREMIAH EAMES RANKIN.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The breaking waves dashed high
On the stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came:
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer,

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding isles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why have they come to wither here,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

FELICIA HEMANS.

COLUMBUS AND THE MAYFLOWER

O little fleet! that on thy quest divine
Sailedst from Palos one bright autumn morn,
Say, has old Ocean's bosom ever borne
A freight of faith and hope to match with thine?

Say, too, has Heaven's high favor given again
Such consummation of desire as shone
About Columbus when he rested on
The new-found world and married it to Spain?

Answer,—thou refuge of the freeman's need,—
Thou for whose destinies no kings looked out,
Nor sages to resolve some mighty doubt,—
Thou simple Mayflower of the salt-sea mead!

When thou wert wafted to that distant shore,
Gay flowers, bright birds, rich odors met thee not;
Stern Nature hailed thee to a sterner lot,—
God gave free earth and air, and gave no more.

Thus to men cast in that heroic mould
Came empire such as Spaniard never knew,
Such empire as beseems the just and true;
And at the last, almost unsought, came gold.

But He who rules both calm and stormy days,
Can guard that people's heart, that nation's health,
Safe on the perilous heights of power and wealth,
As in the straitness of the ancient ways.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON).

OUR COUNTRY

Our country, 'tis a glorious land,
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore:
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic's roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes!

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star;
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltered waters leap.

And, cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide;
For Plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion through the land,
And, sent to seize her generous stores,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God, we thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty.
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold her wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest Paradise.

WILLIAM JEWETT PARBODIE.

From Henry B. Carrington's "Beacon Lights of Patriotism,"
Messrs. Silver, Burdette & Company, Publishers.

AMERICAN DESTINY

"On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America"
[1728]

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of Art by Nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where Nature guides and Virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools,

There shall be sung another golden age,—
The rise of empire and the arts;
The good and great inspiring epic rage;
The wisest heads and noblest hearts;

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay:
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way:
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

BISHOP GEORGE BERKELEY.

O BEAUTIFUL, MY COUNTRY

"O beautiful, my country!"

Be thine a nobler care,
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvest waving fair;
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressèd
Fair freedom's open door.

For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright;
Grand memories on thee shine,
The blood of pilgrim nations,
Commingled, flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country!

Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy scepter,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

By kind permission of the Author.

AMERICA, OUR COUNTRY

FROM "THE TORCH-BEARERS"

For, O America, our country!—land
Hid in the west through centuries, till men
Through countless tyrannies could understand
The priceless worth of freedom,—once again
The world was new-created when thy shore
First knew the Pilgrim keels, that one last test
The race might make of manhood, nor give o'er
The strife with evil till it proved its best.
Thy true sons stand as torch-bearers, to hold
A guiding light. Here the last stand is made.
If we fail here, what new Columbus bold,
Steering brave prow through black seas unafraid,
Finds out a fresh land where man may abide
And freedom yet be saved? The whole round earth
Has seen the battle fought. Where shall men hide
From tyranny and wrong, where life have worth,
If here the cause succumb? If greed of gold
Or lust of power or falsehood triumph here,
The race is lost! A globe dispeopled, cold,
Rolled down the void a voiceless, lifeless sphere,
Were not so stamped by all which hope debars
As were this earth, plunging along through space
Conquered by evil, shamed among the stars,
Bearing a base, enslaved, dishonored race!
Here has the battle its last vantage ground;
Here all is won, or here must all be lost;
Here freedom's trumpets one last rally sound;
Here to the breeze its blood-stained flag is tossed.
America, last hope of man and truth,
Thy name must through all coming ages be
The badge unspeakable of shame and ruth,
Or glorious pledge that man through truth is free.

This is thy destiny ; the choice is thine
To lead all nations and outshine them all ;—
But if thou failest, deeper shame is thine,
And none shall spare to mock thee in thy fall.
ARLO BATES.

By permission of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

THE SETTLER

His echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And, rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans of the wood;
Loud shrieked the eagle, as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb and strong the frame
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
To form that garb the wildwood game
Contributed their spoil;
The soul that warmed that frame disdained
The tinsel, gaud, and glare that reigned
Where men their crowds collect;
The simple fur, untrimmed, unstained,
This forest-tamer decked.

The paths which wound mid gorgeous trees,
The stream whose bright lips kissed their flowers,
The winds that swelled their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast, the green arcade,
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
Dark cave, and swampy lair;
These scenes and sounds majestic made
His world, his pleasures, there.

His roof adorned a pleasant spot;
Mid the black logs green glowed the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not
Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low, the bleat, the tinkling bell,
All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,
The rose of summer spread its glow,
The maize hung out its autumn fringe,
Rude winter brought his snow;
And still the lone one labored there,
His shout and whistle broke the air,
As cheerily he plied
His garden-spade, or drove his share
Along the hillock's side.

He marked the fire-storm's blazing flood
Roaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood,
Beneath its greedy wrath;
He marked the rapid whirlwind shoot,
Trampling the pine-tree with its foot,
And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and severed root,
Hurled whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yelled, his rifle flashed,
The grim bear hushed his savage growl;
In blood and foam the panther gnashed
His fangs, with dying howl;
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
Its snarling wolf-foe bit the ground,
And, with a moaning cry,
The beaver sunk beneath the wound
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race,
When Liberty sent forth her cry,
Who thronged in conflict's deadliest place,
To fight,—to bleed,—to die!
Who cumbered Bunker's height of red,
By hope through weary years were led,
And witnessed Yorktown's sun
Blaze on a nation's banner spread,
A nation's freedom won.

ALFRED BILLINGS STREET.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the *Mayflower* moored below;
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone,—
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile,—sainted name!
The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head,—
But the Pilgrim! where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure drest,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled :
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And still guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

JOHN PIERPONT.

OUR COUNTRY

On primal rocks she wrote her name,
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the broidered land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of Kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee.

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown jewel, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to farthest bound.

Let Justice, with the faultless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy Commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs.

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-spiced angels hail thy cause.

O Lord, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world, in grief and wrong!
Be thine the tribute of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of Song!

JULIA WARD HOWE.

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AD PATRIAM

To deities of gauds and gold,
Land of our Fathers, do not bow!
But unto those beloved of old
Bend thou the brow!

Austere they were of front and form;
Rigid as iron in their aim;
Yet in them pulsed a blood as warm
And pure as flame;—

Honor, whose foster-child is Truth;
Unselfishness in place and plan;
Justice, with melting heart of ruth;
And Faith in man.

Give these thy worship: then no fears
Of future foes need fright thy soul;
Triumphant thou shalt mount the years
Toward thy high goal!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

By kind permission of the Author.

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM

Blazon Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous golden Corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 'twas born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and silken sheen
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 'twas fed,
Till on slope and plain the gods were fain
To share the feast outspread;
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere,

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent Maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest;
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn.
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled Corn—
The sun's supreme bequest!
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And sunflower, cactus and poppy
To Sierra and plain be dear,
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

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"OH MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE"

Oh mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
 With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
 Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
 Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley-shades;
 What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;—

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
 In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.

Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother ! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of the skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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II

REVOLUTION: INDEPENDENCE

LIBERTY TREE

[Published in 1775, expressive of the resentment throughout the land at the growing oppression of the Colonies by the British Government and their civil and military representatives in America.]

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand celestials directed the way
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named *Liberty Tree*.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourished and bore;
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
To seek out this peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinction they came,
For freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was *Liberty Tree*.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they ate,
Unvexed with the troubles of silver and gold,
The cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar they Old England supplied,
And supported her power on the sea;
Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,
For the honor of *Liberty Tree*.

But hear, O ye swains, 't is a tale most profane,
 How all the tyrannical powers,
 Kings, Commons, and Lords, are uniting amain,
 To cut down this guardian of ours;
 From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,
 Through the land let the sound of it flee,
 Let the far and the near, all unite with a cheer,
 In defence of our *Liberty Tree*.

THOMAS PAINE.

DEVOTION TO COUNTRY

Hail to this planting of Liberty's tree!
Hail to the charter declaring us free!
Millions of voices are chanting its praises,
 Millions of worshipers bend at its shrine,
Wherever the sun of America blazes,
 Wherever the stars of our bright barrier shine.

Sing to the heroes who breasted the flood,
That swelling roll'd o'er them—a deluge of blood;
Fearless they clung to the ark of the nation
 And dashed on 'mid lightning and thunder and blast,
Till Peace, like the dove, brought her branch of Salvation
 And Liberty's mart was their refuge at last.

Bright is the beautiful land of our birth,
The home of the homeless all over the earth;
O then let us ever with fondest devotion
 The freedom our fathers bequeathed us watch o'er,
Till the Angel shall stand on the earth and the ocean
 And shout 'mid earth's ruins that Time is no more.

ALFRED B. STREET.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

[On March 8, 1770, a dispute between a British Captain with seven privates and a crowd refusing to disperse resulted in the soldiers firing—killing four and wounding seven.]

Unhappy Boston! see thy sons deplore
 Thy hallowed walks besmear'd with guiltless gore.
 While faithless Preston and his savage bands,
 With murderous rancor stretch their bloody hands;
 Like fierce barbarians grinning o'er their prey,
 Approve the carnage and enjoy the day.
 If scalding drops, from rage, from anguish wrung,
 If speechless sorrows lab'ring for a tongue,
 Or if a weeping world can aught appease
 The plaintive ghosts of victims such as these;
 The patriot's copious tears for each are shed,
 A glorious tribute which embalms the dead.
 But know, Fate summons to that awful goal,
 Where justice strips the murderer of his soul:
 Should venal C——ts,¹ the scandal of the land,
 Snatch the relentless villain from her hand,
 Keen execrations on this plate inscrib'd
 Shall reach a Judge Who never can be bribed.

PAUL REVERE.

¹ *Courts*, since, at the trial of the soldiers for murder, eight were found not guilty, two guilty of manslaughter.

ALAMANCE

[On May 7, 1771, North Carolina—whose people had six years earlier risen against the stamp duties—literally showed fight at the little town of Alamance, where the rebellious Americans were defeated by British regulars with a loss of two hundred dead and wounded.]

No stately column marks the hallowed place
 Where silent sleeps, un-urned, their sacred dust:
 The first free martyrs of a glorious race,
 Their fame a people's wealth, a nation's trust.

The rustic ploughman at the early morn
 The yielding furrow turns with heedless tread,
 Or tends with frugal care the springing corn,
 Where tyrants conquered and where heroes bled.

Above their rest the golden harvest waves,
 The glorious stars stand sentinels on high,
 While, in sad requiem, near their turfless graves,
 The winding river murmurs, mourning, by.

No stern ambition waved them to the deed:
 In Freedom's cause they nobly dared to die.
 The first to conquer, or the first to bleed,
 "God and their country's right" their battle-cry.

But holier watchers here their vigils keep
 Than storied urn or monumental stone;
 For Law and Justice guard their dreamless sleep,
 And Plenty smiles above their bloody home.

Immortal youth shall crown their deathless fame;
 And as their country's glories shall advance,
 Shall brighter blaze, o'er all the earth, thy name,
 Thou first-fought field of Freedom,—Alamance.

SEYMOUR W. WHITING.

From Henry B. Carrington's "Beacon Lights of Patriotism,"
 Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Co., Publishers.

BOSTON

SICUT PATRIBUS, SIT DEUS NOBIS

[*Read at the Centennial Anniversary of the "Boston Tea-Party" of December 16, 1773.*]

The rocky nook with hill-tops three
 Looked eastward from the farms,
 And twice each day the flowing sea
 Took Boston in its arms;
 The men of yore were stout and poor,
 And sailed for bread to every shore.

O happy town beside the sea,
 Whose roads lead everywhere to all;
 Than thine no deeper moat can be,
 No stouter fence, no steeper wall!

Bad news from George on the English throne:
 "You are thriving well," said he;
 "Now, by these presents be it known,
 You shall pay us a tax on tea;
 'T is very small,—no load at all,—
 Honor enough that we send the call."

"Not so," said Boston, "good my lord,
 We pay your governors here
 Abundant for their bed and board,
 Six thousand pounds a year.
 (Your highness knows our homely word)
 Millions for self-government,
 But for tribute never a cent."

The cargo came! and who could blame
 If *Indians* seized the tea,
 And, chest by chest, let down the same
 Into the laughing sea?
 For what avail the plough or sail
 Or land or life, if freedom fail?

The townsmen braved the English king,
 Found friendship in the French,
 And Honor joined the patriot ring
 Low on their wooden bench.

O bounteous seas that never fail!
 O day remembered yet!
 O happy port that spied the sail
 Which wafted Lafayette!
 Pole-star of light in Europe's night,
 That never faltered from the right.

Kings shook with fear, old empires crave
 The secret force to find
 Which fired the little State to save
 The rights of all mankind.

But right is might through all the world;
 Province to province faithful clung,
 Through good and ill the war-bolt hurled,
 Till Freedom cheered and the joy-bells rung.

The sea returning day by day
 Restores the world-wide mart;
 So let each dweller on the Bay
 Fold Boston in his heart,
 Till these echoes be choked with snows,
 Or over the town blue ocean flows.

Let the blood of her hundred thousands
 Throb in each manly vein;
 And the wit of all her wisest,
 Make sunshine in her brain.
 For you can teach the lightning speech,
 And round the globe your voices reach.

And each shall care for other,
 And each to each shall bend,
 To the poor a noble brother,
 To the good an equal friend.

A blessing through the ages thus
Shield all thy roofs and towers!
God with the fathers, so with us,
Thou darling town of ours!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers.

HOW WE BECAME A NATION

[*The Boston Port Bill of April 15, 1774, aroused the indignation of all the Colonies, cementing the common zeal for resistance.*]

When George the King would punish folk
Who dared resist his angry will—
Resist him with their hearts of oak
That neither King nor Council broke—
He told Lord North to mend his quill,
And sent his Parliament a Bill.

The Boston Port Bill was the thing
He flourished in his royal hand;
A subtle lash with scorpion sting,
Across the seas he made it swing,
And with its cruel thong he planned
To quell the disobedient land.

His minions heard it sing, and bare
The port of Boston felt his wrath;
They let no ship cast anchor there,
They summoned Hunger and Despair,—
And curses in an aftermath
Followed their desolating path.

No coal might enter there, nor wood,
Nor Holland flax, nor silk from France;
No drugs for dying pangs, no food
For any mother's little brood.
"Now," said the King, "we have our chance,
We'll lead the haughty knaves a dance."

Then in across the meadow land,
From lonely farm and hunter's tent,
From fertile field and fallow strand,
Pouring it out with lavish hand,
The neighboring burghs their bounty sent,
And laughed at King and Parliament.

To bring them succor, Marblehead
 Joyous her deep-sea fishing sought.
 Her trees, with ringing stroke and tread,
 Old many-rivered Newbury sped,
 And Groton in her granaries wrought,
 And generous flocks old Windham brought.

Rice from the Carolinas came,
 Iron from Pennsylvania's forge,
 And, with a spirit all aflame,
 Tobacco-leaf and corn and game
 The Midlands sent; and in his gorge
 The Colonies defied King George!

And Hartford hung, in black array,
 Her town-house, and at half-mast there
 The flags flowed, and the bells all day
 Told heavily; and far away
 In great Virginia's solemn air
 The House of Burgesses held prayer.

Down long glades of the forest floor
 The same thrill ran through every vein,
 And down the long Atlantic's shore;
 Its heat the tyrant's fetters tore
 And welded them through stress and strain
 Of long years to a mightier chain.

That mighty chain with links of steel
 Bound all the Old Thirteen at last,
 Through one electric pulse to feel
 The common woe, the common weal.
 And that great day the Port Bill passed
 Made us a nation hard and fast.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

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 Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

[Learning that the British Government had ordered the arrest of Samuel Adams and John Hancock at Lexington, Mass., and that it was planned for the morning of April 19, 1775, Joseph Warren despatched Paul Revere to arouse the Minute-Men of the county, pledged to drop all else for a call to arms.]

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears

The muster of men at the barrack door,
 The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
 And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
 Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
 By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
 To the belfry-chamber overhead,
 And startled the pigeons from their perch
 On the somber rafters, that round him made
 Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
 By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
 To the highest window in the wall,
 Where he paused to listen and look down
 A moment on the roofs of the town,
 And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
 In their night-encampment on the hill,
 Wrapped in silence so deep and still
 That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
 The watchful night-wind, as it went
 Creeping along from tent to tent,
 And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
 A moment only he feels the spell
 Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
 Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
 For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
 On a shadowy something far away,
 Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
 A line of black that bends and floats
 On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
 Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
 On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
 Now he patted his horse's side,
 Now gazed at the landscape far and near,

Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
 And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
 But mostly he watched with eager search
 The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
 As it rose above the graves on the hill,
 Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
 And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
 A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
 But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
 A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
 That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
 The fate of a nation was riding that night;
 And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
 And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
 Is the *Mystic*, meeting the ocean tides;
 And under the alders that skirt its edge,
 Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
 Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
 When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
 He heard the crowing of the cock,
 And the barking of the farmer's dog,
 And felt the damp of the river fog,
 That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
 When he galloped into Lexington.
 He saw the gilded weathercock
 Swim in the moonlight as he passed,

And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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LEXINGTON

[At Lexington, on the morning of April 19, 1775, 800 British regulars, sent for the arrest of Adams and Hancock, were met by the fast-gathering Minute-Men. After a fierce skirmish they pushed on to Concord, to capture some military stores there. But the farmers and country-folk lined the roads, fences, and Concord Bridge with rifles and shotguns, and the retreat to Boston was a bloody lesson to the British—while “the clash of resounding arms” aroused the Colonies from North to South.]

Slowly the mist o’er the meadow was creeping,
 Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
 When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
 Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
 Waving her golden veil
 Over the silent dale,
 Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;
 Hushed was his parting sigh,
 While from his noble eye
 Flashed the last sparkle of liberty’s fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing
 Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
 Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing!
 Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet!
 Faint is the feeble breath,
 Murmuring low in death,
 “Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;”
 Nerveless the iron hand,
 Raised for its native land,
 Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
 From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
 As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
 Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
 Fast on the soldier’s path
 Darken the waves of wrath,—

Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;
 Red glares the musket's flash,
 Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
 Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
 Never to shadow his cold brow again;
 Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,
 Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;
 Pale is the lip of scorn,
 Voiceless the trumpet horn,
 Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
 Many a belted breast
 Low on the turf shall rest
 Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
 Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
 Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
 Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
 Far as the tempest thrills
 Over the darkened hills,
 Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
 Roused by the tyrant band,
 Woke all the mighty land,
 Girdled for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
 Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,
 While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
 Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
 Borne on her Northern pine,
 Long o'er the foaming brine
 Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
 Heaven keep her ever free,
 Wide as o'er land and sea
 Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

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 Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers.

CONCORD HYMN

[*Sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836.*]

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
 To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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MECKLENBURG

[The first formal declaration of Colonial rights was made by citizens of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, on May 31, 1775, their "Resolves" being quickened by news of Lexington and Concord during their discussions.]

Tell me, ye winds, if e'er ye rest
 Your wings on fairer land,
 Save when, near Araby the blest,
 Ye scent its fragrant strand?
 Tell me, ye spirits of the air:
 Know ye a region anywhere,
 By night or day that can compare
 With Carolina, bright and fair?

Her feet she plants on Ocean's plane;
 Her arms the hills embrace;
 In mountain's snow, or mist, or rain,
 She laves her smiling face;
 Turns then to greet Aurora's dawn,
 Ere yet on sea the day is born;
 And stars that die at birth of morn
 Kiss her "good-by," and then are gone!

Fair Ceres smiles o'er waving fields,
 On hillside and on plain;
 The generous soil abundance yields,
 With sunshine and with rain.
 Tell me, ye rivers, creeks, and rills:
 Know ye a land the farmer tills,
 That larger barns and granaries fills
 Than Carolina's vales and hills?

Beneath her soil, just hidden, lie
 Treasures of priceless worth,
 Which in their value well may vie
 With richest mines of earth.
 Then list, as blithe Hygeia sings:

“Long life and health are in our springs!
Drink deep; each draught new vigor brings;
Backward old Time shall turn his wings,
Death lose his stings!”

On Mecklenburg's historic ground,
All hail! our Charter Tree;
Where Freedom's voice was first to sound
The watchword, “Man is free!”
That clarion note the nation caught;
Our sires, emboldened by the thought,
All that they had and were they brought,
For altars, homes and honor fought,
And freedom bought!

JAMES A. DELKE.

From Henry B. Carrington's “Beacon Lights of Patriotism,”
Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Co., Publishers.

THE RISING

FROM "THE WAGONER OF THE ALLEGHANIES"

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame.
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteem'd of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Pass'd 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compell'd the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant King.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seem'd, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;

When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause,—
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers

That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and play!"

And now before the open door—

The warrior priest had order'd so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,

Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seem'd the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,

The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was "War! war! war!"

"Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answer'd, "I!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

By permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company.

WARREN'S ADDRESS AT BUNKER HILL

[Large British forces gathered in Boston after Lexington and Concord, while thousands of Americans thronged thither for the new "Continental Army" that sprang into being. To anticipate British occupation of Charlestown, 1200 Americans were sent to Bunker Hill, but entrenched on Breed's Hill, where (June 17, 1775), they were attacked by 3000 British veterans. Joseph Warren, just appointed Major-General, preferred to fight as a volunteer, and greatly inspirited the little force. His death at the end of the fight was deeply deplored.]

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!

Will ye give it up to slaves?

Will ye look for greener graves?

Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?

Hear it in that battle-peal!

Read it on yon bristling steel!

Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?

Will ye to your homes retire?

Look behind you! they're a-fire!

And, before you, see

Who have done it!—From the vale

On they come!—And will ye quail?—

Leaden rain and iron hail

Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!

Die we may,—and die we must;

But, oh, where can dust to dust

Be consigned so well,

As where Heaven its dews shall shed

On the martyred patriot's bed,

And the rocks shall raise their head,

Of his deeds to tell!

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE LONELY BUGLE GRIEVES

FROM AN ODE ON THE CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE OF
BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1825.

The trump hath blown,
And now upon that reeking hill
Slaughter rides screaming on the vengeful ball;
While with terrific signal shrill,
The vultures, from their bloody eyries flown,
Hang o'er them like a pall.
Now deeper roll the maddening drums
And the mingling host like ocean heaves;
While from the midst a horrid wailing comes,
And high above the fight the lonely bugle grieves.
GRENVILLE MELLEN.

WASHINGTON

[In June, 1775, on the nomination of John Adams of Massachusetts, Congress appointed George Washington of Virginia Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, and on July 3 he assumed command of its 13,000 men, in Cambridge, Mass. On the one hundredth anniversary of that day Lowell's noble Memorial Ode was read by him.]

FROM "UNDER THE OLD ELM"

Beneath our consecrated elm
 A century ago he stood,
 Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
 Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm
 The life foredoomed to wield our roughhewn helm:—
 From colleges, where now the gown
 To arms had yielded, from the town,
 Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
 The new-come chief and wonder which was he.
 No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,
 Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone
 To bridle others' clamors and his own,
 Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
 The incarnate discipline that was to free
 With iron curb that armed democracy.

Never to see a nation born
 Hath been given to mortal man,
 Unless to those who, on that summer morn,
 Gazed silent when the great Virginian
 Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
 Shot union through the incoherent clash
 Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
 Around a single will's unpliant stem,
 And making purpose of emotion rash.
 Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
 Nebulous at first but hardening to a star,
 Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,
 The common faith that made us what we are.

That lifted blade transformed our jangling clans,
 Till then provincial, to Americans,
 And made a unity of wildering plans;
 Here was the doom fixed; here is marked the date
 When this New World awoke to man's estate,
 Burnt its last ship and ceased to look behind:

Soldier and Statesman, rarest unison;
 High poised example of great duties done
 Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
 As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
 Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
 But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
 Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
 Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
 Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
 Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
 Never seduced through show of present good
 By other than unsetting lights to steer
 New trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
 More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
 Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
 In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
 Not honored then or now because he wooed
 The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
 Broad-minded, higher souled, there is but one
 Who was all this, and ours and all men's,—Washington.

Placid completeness, life without a fall
 From faith or highest aim, truth's breachless wall,
 Surely, if any fame can bear the touch,
 His will say "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,
 The unexpressive man whose life expressed so much.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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YANKEE DOODLE

[As early as 1755, satirical verses on the awkward American militia serving with the British regulars against the French were sung to an old air of Cromwell's time. In ridicule this was played by the British relief troops marching to rescue their retreating comrades from Lexington. After that the Americans adopted it in triumph and played "Yankee Doodle" throughout the war, and at its close before Yorktown. The words varied, by different writers, and were laughed at by the Yankees themselves; but, as to the tune, they sang—

*"It suits for feasts, it suits for fun,
But just as well for fighting."]*

Fath'r and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodin',
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

CHORUS

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted ev'ry day,
I wish it could be savèd.

And there was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men;
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so very fine, ah!
I wanted peskily to get
To give to my Jemima.

And there I see a swamping' gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on't
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't.

The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

From "The Story of Our National Ballads," by C. A. Browne,
by permission of the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

THE BOASTING OF SIR PETER PARKER

[In June, 1776, the British undertook to capture Charleston, S. C.—Clinton and Cornwallis by land, and Sir Peter Parker by sea. The sea fight, on June 28, failed, and the expedition was given up.]

'T was the proud Sir Peter Parker came sailing in from
the sea,
With his serried ships-of-line a-port, and his ships-of-
line a-lee;
*A little lead for a cure, he said, for these rebel sires and
sons!*
And the folk on the Charleston roof-tops heard the roar
of the shotted guns;
They heard the roar of the guns off shore, but they
marked, with a hopeful smile,
The answering ire of a storm of fire from Sullivan's
sandy isle.

'T was the proud Sir Peter Parker who saw with the
climbing noon
Ruin and wreck on each blood-stained deck that day in
the wane of June,—
The shivered spar and the shattered beam and the torn
and toppling mast
And the grimy gunners wounded sore, and the seamen
falling fast;
But from the stubborn fort ashore no sight of a single
sign
That the rebel sires and sons had quailed before his ships-
of-the-line.

'T was the proud Sir Peter Parker who saw the fall of
the flag
From the fortress wall; then rang his call:—*They have
lost their rebel rag!*
And the fifty guns of the *Bristol* flamed, and the volumed
thunder rolled;
'T is now, the haughty Admiral cried, *we'll drive them
out of their hold!*

But little he knew, and his British crew, how small was
 their vaunted power,
 For lo, to the rampart's crest there leaped the dauntless
 man of the hour!

'T was the proud Sir Peter Parker who saw with a wild
 amaze
 This hero spring from the fortress height 'mid the hail
 and the fiery haze;
 Under the wall he strode, each step with the deadliest
 danger fraught,
 And up from the sand with a triumph hand the splintered
 staff he caught.
 Then, still unscathed by the iron rain, he clambered the
 parapet,
 And 'mid the burst of his comrades' cheers the flag on
 the bastion set.

'T was the proud Sir Peter Parker who slunk through
 the night to sea,
 With his shattered ships-of-line a-port and his ships-of-
 line a-lee;
 Above there was wreck, and below was wreck, and the
 sense of loss and woe,
 For the sneered-at rebel sires and sons had proved them
 a direful foe;
 But War's dark blight on the land lay light, and they
 hailed with a joyful smile
 The stars of victory burning bright over Sullivan's sandy
 isle.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

By kind permission of the Author.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

[The sentiment of independence from Britain had risen as the war went on, and on July 2, 1776, the Continental Congress (representing a loose Confederation, with no Federal head), voted, on motion of Richard Henry Lee, that "These United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent," etc.; appointed a Committee, of which Thomas Jefferson was chairman, to formulate a Declaration of that Independence; and on July 4, 1776, it was adopted and signed.]

Day of glory! Welcome day!
 Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
 See! how cheerfully they play
 With thy morning breeze,
 On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled,
 On the heights where squadrons wheeled,
 When a tyrant's thunder pealed
 O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies! did thy stars
 On their courses smite his cars;
 Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
 From the heaving tide?
 On our standard, lo! they burn,
 And, when days like this return,
 Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn
 Who for freedom died.

God of peace! whose spirit fills
 All the echoes of our hills,
 All the murmur of our rills,
 Now the storm is o'er,
 O let freemen be our sons,
 And let future Washingtons
 Rise, to lead their valiant ones
 Till there's war no more!

JOHN PIERPONT.

COLUMBIA

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold,
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies,

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the East see thy morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards and new sages unrivaled shall soar
To fame unextinguished when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamped on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile on the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
 The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
 Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
 And the East and the South yield their spices and gold.
 As the dayspring unbounded thy splendor shall flow,
 And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
 While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
 Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
 From war's dread confusion, I pensively strayed,—
 The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;
 The wind ceased to murmur, the thunders expired;
 Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
 And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
 "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!"

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

NATHAN HALE

[To get for General Washington correct information of British designs in New York City, Captain Nathan Hale of the Connecticut Rangers entered the enemy's lines in disguise, was captured, and hanged the next morning, September 22, 1776. His last words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."]

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
 A soldier marches by;
 There is color in his cheek,
 There is courage in his eye,
 Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
 In a moment he must die.

By the starlight and moonlight,
 He seeks the Briton's camp;
 He hears the rustling flag
 And the armed sentry's tramp;
 And the starlight and moonlight
 His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
 He scans the tented line;
 And he counts the battery guns,
 By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
 And his slow tread and still tread
 Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
 It meets his eager glance;
 And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
 Like the glimmer of a lance—
 A dark wave, a plumed wave,
 On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a still clang,
 And terror in the sound!
 For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
 In the camp a spy hath found;
 With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
 The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, and steady brow,
 He listens to his doom;
 In his look there is no fear,
 Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
 But with calm brow and steady brow,
 He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
 He kneels upon the sod;
 And the brutal guards withhold
 E'en the solemn word of God!
 In the long night, the still night,
 He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 He dies upon the tree;
 And he mourns that he can lose
 But one life for Liberty;
 And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
 They burn, lest friendly eye
 Should read how proud and calm
 A patriot could die,
 With his last words, his dying words,
 A soldier's battle-cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
 From monument and urn,
 The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
 His tragic fate shall learn;
 But on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
 The name of HALE shall burn!

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

From "The Blue and the Gray and Other Poems," by permission of Henry Holt and Company.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

[On June 14, 1777, Congress ordered the adoption of a national flag, representing the thirteen States by thirteen alternate red and white stripes, with thirteen white stars in a blue field. So it remains, except for the addition of a star for every new State entering the Union.]

When Freedom from her mountain height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,
 And striped its pure celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light;
 Then from his mansion in the sun
 She called her eagle-bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest-trumpings loud
 And see the lightning lances driven,
 When strive the warriors of the storm,
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
 Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free,
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
 To ward away the battle-stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbinger of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high,
 When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on;

Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
 Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,
 And, as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
 And gory sabers rise and fall
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
 Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to valor given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 And fixed as yonder orb divine,
 That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
 Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
 The guard and glory of the world.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

A SONG FOR OUR FLAG

A bit of color against the blue:
Hues of the morning, blue for true,
And red for the kindling light of flame,
And white for a nation's stainless fame.
Oh! fling it forth to the winds afar,
With hope in its every shining star:
Under its folds wherever found,
Thank God, we have freedom's holy ground.

Don't you love it, as out it floats
From the school-house peak, and glad young throats
Sing of the banner that aye shall be
Symbol of honor and victory?
Don't you thrill when the marching feet
Of jubilant soldiers shake the street,
And the bugles shrill, and the trumpets call,
And the red, white, and blue is over us all?
Don't you pray, amid starting tears,
It may never be furled through age-long years?

A song for our flag, our country's boast,
That gathers beneath it a mighty host;
Long may it wave o'er the goodly land
We hold in fee 'neath our Father's hand.
For God and liberty evermore
May that banner stand from shore to shore,
Never to those high meanings lost,
Never with alien standards crossed,
But always valiant and pure and true,
Our starry flag: red, white, and blue.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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BATTLE OF TRENTON

[The British in New York being too strong for him, Washington crossed New Jersey to the west side of the Delaware River, the British holding Trenton and Princeton. On Christmas night, Dec. 25, 1776, he recrossed the icy Delaware, at dawn of the 26th surprised and routed the British at Trenton, and pursued them to Princeton, where, on Jan. 3, 1777, he routed them again,—ending a dashing campaign of three weeks in triumph, with headquarters at Morristown, impregnable for many months, and New Jersey redeemed from British control.]

On Christmas-day in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops with bayonets fixed,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see! the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared invade fair freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumbed with frost.
Greene, on the left, at six began,
The right was led by Sullivan,
Who ne'er a moment lost.

The pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,
The rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scampered here, some scampered there,
And some for action did prepare;
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen
In center, front, and rear was seen
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day.

ANONYMOUS.

From "Poems of American Patriotism," edited by Brander Matthews, Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

PAUL JONES

[*Lacking a navy, at first the Revolutionaries warred effectively with privateers, among whom John Paul Jones, a seafaring Scotchman, soon was noted for skill and limitless daring. He raised the first Revolutionary flag (design, a pine tree, coiled rattlesnake below, and motto, "Don't tread on me!"), and claimed to have received the first foreign salute to the Stars and Stripes while bearing the Commission of the United States in French waters.*]

A song unto Liberty's brave Buccaneer,
 Ever bright be the fame of the patriot Rover,
 For our rights he first fought in his "black privateer,"
 And faced the proud foe ere our sea they cross'd over,
 In their channel and coast,
 He scattered their host,
 And proud Britain robbed of her sea-ruling boast,
 And her rich merchants' barks shunned the ocean in fear
 Of Paul Jones, fair Liberty's brave Buccaneer.

In the first fleet that sailed in defence of our land,
 Paul Jones forward stood to defend freedom's arbor,
 He led the bold *Alfred* at Hopkins' command,
 And drove the fierce foeman from Providence harbor,
 'Twas his hand that raised
 The first flag that blazed,
 And his deeds 'neath the "Pine tree" all ocean amaz'd,
 For hundreds of foes met a watery bier
 From Paul Jones, fair Liberty's brave Buccaneer.

His arm crushed the Tory and mutinous crew
 That strove to have freemen inhumanly butchered;
 Remember his valor at proud Flamborough,
 When he made the bold *Serapis* strike to the *Richard*;
 Oh! he robbed of their store
 The vessels sent o'er
 To feed all the Tories and foes on our shore,
 He gave freemen the spoils and long may they revere
 The name of fair Liberty's bold Buccaneer.

ANONYMOUS.

From "Poems of American History," edited by Burton E. Stevenson.

THE YANKEES

FROM "CONNECTICUT"

[The little battle of Bennington, Vt., under Colonel John Stark, August 16, 1777, was the turning point of the British General Burgoyne's attempt to balance in northern New York Washington's brilliant successes in New Jersey. The British, held on the Hudson, on September 13 crossed to the west to capture Albany, but at Stillwater, on October 7, Gen. Benedict Arnold's splendid leadership defeated them, and a week later, at Saratoga, the British Burgoyne surrendered.]

Still her gray rocks tower above the sea
 That crouches at her feet, a conquered wave:
 'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
 Where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave;
 Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands are bold and free
 And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;
 And where none kneel save when to Heaven they pray,
 Nor even then, unless in their own way.

.
 They love their land, because it is their own;
 And scorn to give aught other reason why;
 Would shake hands with a King upon his throne,
 And think it kindness to His Majesty;
 A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none.
 Such are they nurtured, such they live and die,
 All—but a few apostles, who are meddling
 With merchandise, pound, shillings, pence and peddling.

.
 And minds have been there nurtured, whose control
 Is felt even in their nation's destiny;
 Men who swayed Senates with a statesman's soul,
 And looked on armies with a leader's eye;
 Names that adorn and dignify the scroll,
 Whose leaves contain their country's history,
 And tales of love and war—listen to one,
 Of the Green-Mountaineer—the Stark of Bennington.

When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
 Briefly he spoke before the fight began:
 "Soldiers! these German gentlemen are bought
 For four pound, eight and sevenpence per man,
 By England's King; a bargain, as is thought.
 Are we worth more? Let's prove it, now we can;
 For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
 OR MARY STARK'S A WIDOW."—It was done.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

VALLEY FORGE

[After Washington's defeats at the Brandywine and Germantown, September 11, 1777, trying to save Philadelphia from the British, he retired with the remnants of his brave army to Valley Forge, near that city. There, without proper shelter, clothing or provisions, the patriots spent an agonizing winter, while their great leader vainly besought Congress for relief.]

FROM "THE WAGONER OF THE ALLEGHANIES"

O'er town and cottage, vale and height,
Down came the Winter, fierce and white,
And shuddering wildly, as distraught
At horrors his own hand had wrought.

.
How sad the wretch at morn or eve
Compelled his starving home to leave,
Who, plunged breast-deep from drift to drift,
Toils slowly on from rift to rift,
Still hearing in his aching ear
The cry his fancy whispers near,
Of little ones who weep for bread
Within an ill-provided shed!

But wilder, fiercer, sadder still,
Freezing the tear it caused to start,
Was the inevitable chill
Which pierced a nation's agued heart,—
A nation with its naked breast
Against the frozen barriers prest,
Heaving its tedious way and slow
Through shifting gulfs and drifts of woe,
Where every blast that whistled by
Was bitter with its children's cry.

Such was the winter's awful sight
For many a dreary day and night,
What time our country's hope forlorn,
Of every needed comfort shorn,

Lay housed within a hurried tent,
 Where every keen blast found a rent,
 And oft the snow was seen to sift
 Along the floor its piling drift,
 Or, mocking the scant blankets' fold,
 Across the night-couch frequent rolled;
 Where every path by a soldier beat,
 Or every track where a sentinel stood,
 Still held the print of naked feet,
 And oft the crimson stain of blood;
 Where Famine held her spectral court,
 And joined by all her fierce allies:
 She ever loved a camp or fort
 Beleaguered by the wintry skies,—
 But chiefly when Disease is by,
 To sink the frame and dim the eye,
 Until, with seeking forehead bent,
 In martial garments cold and damp,
 Pale Death patrols from tent to tent,
 To count the charnels of the camp.

Such was the winter that prevailed
 Within the crowded, frozen gorge;
 Such were the horrors that assailed
 The patriot band at Valley Forge.

It was a midnight storm of woes
 To clear the sky for Freedom's morn;
 And such must ever be the throes
 The hour when Liberty is born.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

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MOLLY PITCHER

[At the battle of Monmouth, N. J., June 28, 1778, an Irish gunner was killed, and his wife sprang to take his gun and served it manfully, the next day being praised by Washington.]

'Twas hurry and scurry at Monmouth town,
 For Lee was beating a wild retreat;
 The British were riding the Yankees down,
 And panic was pressing on flying feet.

Galloping down like a hurricane
 Washington rode with his sword swung high,
 Mighty as he of the Trojan plain
 Fired by a courage from the sky.

"Halt, and stand to your guns!" he cried.
 And a bombardier made swift reply.
 Wheeling his cannon into the tide,
 He fell 'neath the shot of a foeman nigh.

Molly Pitcher sprang to his side,
 Fired as she saw her husband do.
 Telling the king in his stubborn pride
 Women like men to their homes are true.

Washington rode from the bloody fray
 Up to the gun that a woman manned.
 "Molly Pitcher, you saved the day,"
 He said, as he gave her a hero's hand.

He named her sergeant with manly praise,
 While her war-brown face was wet with tears—
 A woman has ever a woman's ways,
 And the army was wild with cheers.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

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THE FREEING OF ILLINOIS

KASKASKIA, JULY 4, 1778

[Referring to the rescue of the "Illinois Country" from British rule, the "New International Encyclopædia" says: "Clark's services during the Revolutionary War were of the utmost value . . . inasmuch as the virtual conquest of the Northwest served as, perhaps, the chief basis of the American claim to the territory between the Mississippi and the Alleghanies. But for this . . . the western territory would probably have passed to England or to Spain."]

Where brims the broad Ohio as it foams adown the Falls
Our Long Knives haste, grim, iron-faced, when free Vir-
ginia calls;
Kentucky's here on her frontier with tall men lean and
dark
And, best of all for desperate work, their chief, George
Rogers Clark.

Beyond the broad Ohio lie the lands of Illinois
Whence British bribes send savage tribes to ravage and
destroy.
As fierce allies they gain supplies, run forth to scalp and
slay
Our settlers, women, youth, and babes, in merciless affray.

.
Along the summer prairies green with grasses tall and
sweet
Our sevenscore men, sevenscore and ten, march on with
flying feet.
A thousand miles between their files and their Virginian
leas,
A hundred miles and twenty to the fortress they must
seize.

Six days along the prairie speed our hardy bordermen.
They lose their way—lose near a day in finding it again;
And rest their flight that July night when, only two years
gone,
The great bell boomed to tell the world of Freedom
marching on.

On Independence Night they bring Kaskaskia in view.
Before them lies upon the rise Fort Gage against the
blue—

A fort whose name's a thing of shame borne late in
Boston Town

By him who ordered murder at Old Concord for the
Crown.

Over the evening river Clark is ferried with his band.
With silent stride they quick divide when once they gain
the land,

Himself to creep upon the keep, and find the postern gate
Unguarded. Black the entrance, but he does not hesitate.

Upon the astonished commandant, that gray French rene-
gade

Rocheblave by name, with his shrewd dame, Clark comes
with shining blade.

He curses Clark; and strikes a spark, for out he goes in
chains.

A prison in Virginia he gets for all his pains.

Meanwhile our bold frontiersmen surge on down the vil-
lage street.

They take it hot without a shot in overthrow complete;
And then apace they gain the grace of matron, maid, and
man—

France then, as now, is faithful friend; when was a
better plan?

To loud huzzas our drummers drum and every fifer pipes
As down they drag the British flag and hoist the Stars
and Stripes.

Forever freed by Clark's bold deed from tyrants over-
blown

These lovely lands of Illinois become Virginia's own.

WALLACE RICE.

By kind permission of the Author.

CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER

[In the Spring of 1781, Cornwallis and his army, practically driven from the Carolinas by Gen. Nathanael Greene, retired to Virginia, and in August occupied Yorktown with 7000 men. Washington, learning of the approach of an effective French fleet under Count De Grasse to Chesapeake Bay, swiftly marched his army from near New York, 400 miles to Yorktown, and with the French forces besieged the place from September 17 till, on October 19, Cornwallis surrendered—and the War of Independence was ended.]

When British troops first landed here,
 With Howe commander o'er them,
 They thought they'd make us quake for fear,
 And carry all before them;
 With thirty thousand men or more,
 And she without assistance,
 America must needs give o'er,
 And make no more resistance.

But Washington, her glorious son,
 Of British hosts the terror,
 Soon, by repeated overthrows,
 Convinc'd them of their error;
 Let Princeton, and let Trenton tell,
 What gallant deeds he's done, sir,
 And Monmouth's plains where hundreds fell
 And thousands more have run, sir.

Cornwallis, too, when he approach'd
 Virginia's old dominion,
 Thought he would soon her conqu'ror be;
 And so was North's opinion.
 From State to State with rapid stride,
 His troops had marched before, sir,
 Till quite elate with martial pride,
 He thought all dangers o'er, sir.

But our allies, to his surprise,
 The Chesapeake had enter'd;
 And now too late, he curs'd his fate,
 And wish'd he ne'er had ventur'd,
 For Washington no sooner knew
 The visit he had paid her,
 Than to his parent State he flew,
 To crush the bold invader.

When he sat down before the town,
 His Lordship soon surrender'd;
 His martial pride he laid aside,
 And cas'd the British standard;
 Gods! how this stroke will North provoke,
 And all his thoughts confuse, sir!
 And how the Peers will hang their ears,
 When first they hear the news, sir.

Be peace, the glorious end of war,
 By this event effected;
 And be the name of Washington
 To latest times respected;
 Then let us toast America,
 And France in union with her;
 And may Great Britain rue the day
 Her hostile bands came hither.

ANONYMOUS.

From "Poems of American History," edited by Burton E. Stevenson.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

This was the man God gave us when the hour
 Proclaimed the dawn of Liberty begun;
 Who dared a deed and died when it was done
 Patient in triumph, temperate in power,—
 Not striving like the Corsican to tower
 To heaven, nor like great Philip's greater son
 To win the world and weep for worlds unwon,
 Or lose the star to revel in the flower.
 The lives that serve the eternal verities
 Alone do mould mankind. Pleasure and pride
 Sparkle awhile and perish, as the spray
 Smoking across the crests of cavernous seas
 Is impotent to hasten or delay
 The everlasting surges of the tide.

JOHN HALL INGHAM.

THE BRAVE AT HOME

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
 With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
 One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,—
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
 And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
 As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
 'Mid little ones to weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,—
 What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly, in her dreams, to hear
 The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
 Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
 While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
 Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
 To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
 Received on Freedom's field of honor.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

By permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company.

FREEDOM

FROM "ODE READ AT THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE FIGHT AT CONCORD BRIDGE"

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet?
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air;
Sunshine steals light from her face;
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace.
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace,
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, O fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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III

THE MORE PERFECT UNION

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride,
No:—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute a state;
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WASHINGTON

[The inefficiency of the general Government under the original Confederation and throughout the Revolution inspired the Convention of 1787, which formed the Constitution of the United States for "a more perfect union," ratified by the people of the States in 1788. The first Congress, in 1789, unanimously elected George Washington the first President of the United States. He took the oath of office in New York at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, on April 30, 1789.]

God wills no man a slave. The man most meek,
 Who saw Him face to face on Horeb's peak,
 Had slain a tyrant for a bondman's wrong,
 And met his Lord with sinless soul and strong.
 But when, years after, overfraught with care,
 His feet once trod doubt's pathway to despair,
 For that one treason lapse, the guiding hand
 That led so far now barred the promised land.
 God makes no man a slave, no doubter free;
 Abiding faith alone wins liberty.

No angel led our Chieftain's steps aright;
 No pilot cloud by day, no flame by night;
 No plague nor portent spake to foe or friend;
 No doubt assailed him, faithful to the end.

Weaklings there were, as in the tribes of old,
 Who craved for fleshpots, worshiped calves of gold,
 Murmured that right would harder be than wrong,
 And freedom's narrow road so steep and long;
 But he who ne'er on Sinai's summit trod,
 Still walked the highest heights and spake with God;
 Saw with anointed eyes no promised land
 By petty bounds or pettier cycles spanned,
 Its people curbed and broken to the ring,
 Packed with a caste and saddled with a king,—

But freedom's heritage and training school,
Where men unruled should learn to wisely rule,
Till sun and moon should see at Ajalon
King's heads in dust and freemen's feet thereon.

His work well done, the leader stepped aside,
Spurning a crown with more than kingly pride,
Content to wear the higher crown of worth,
While time endures, First Citizen of earth.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

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MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF
WASHINGTON¹

[After two presidential terms, in 1796 Washington retired to Mount Vernon. During Adams' administration commercial rivalries threatened war with both England and France, and Washington, though weary with military and civil services, consented to serve again as Commander-in-Chief in case of war. But on December 14, 1799, the wonderful old man died, after a very brief illness—hailed and mourned by his country and the civilized world.]

There dwelt the Man, the flower of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his nobler mind.

There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword ne'er drew
But in a righteous cause, to Freedom true.

There dwelt the Hero, who ne'er killed for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Cæsar's name.

There dwelt the Statesman, who, devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart;

And, O Columbia, by thy sons caressed,
There dwelt the Father of the realms he blessed;
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise;
But there retiring, breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown.

WILLIAM DAY.

From Henry B. Carrington's "Beacon Lights of Patriotism,"
Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Co., Publishers.

¹ Written on the back of a picture at Mount Vernon.

HAIL, COLUMBIA

[*Song written in May, 1798, while Adams was President (the "Chief" of the fourth stanza), and sung at a theater in Philadelphia. The country instantly accepted it as voicing popular feeling toward the new dangers.*]

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
 Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone,
 Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
 Let independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.

*Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.*

Immortal patriots! rise once more:
 Defend your rights, defend your shore:
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies
 Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
 While offering peace sincere and just,
 In Heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.

*Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.*

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
 Let Washington's great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Ring through the world with loud applause;
 Let every clime to Freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear.
 With equal skill, and godlike power,
 He governs in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
 The happier times of honest peace.

*Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.*

Behold the Chief who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country, stands—
 The rock on which the storm will beat;
 The rock on which the storm will beat.
 But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
 His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you.
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 And gloom obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty.

*Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.*

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

TRUXTON'S VICTORY

[In 1798, French diplomatic discourtesy and maritime aggressions spurred Congress to vote an army of 10,000, and to order naval commanders to seize French vessels attacking or threatening American ships. The navy splendidly responded, and after a few brilliant actions—Truxton's, on February 9, 1799, being one—the spirit and power of the nation was recognized, their envoys were received, and negotiations dissipated the threat of war.]

When Freedom, fair Freedom, her banner display'd,
Defying each foe whom her rights would invade,
Columbia's brave sons swore those rights to maintain,
And o'er ocean and earth to establish her reign;

United they cry,
While that standard shall fly,
Resolved, firm, and steady,
We always are ready
To fight, and to conquer, to conquer or die.

Tho' Gallia through Europe has rushed like a flood,
And deluged the earth with an ocean of blood:
While by faction she's led, while she's governed by
knaves,

We court not her smiles, and will ne'er be her slaves;
Her threats we defy,
While our standard shall fly,
Resolved, firm, and steady,
We always are ready
To fight, and to conquer, to conquer or die.

Tho' France with caprice dares our Statesmen upbraid,
A tribute demands, or sets bounds to our trade;
From our young rising Navy our thunders shall roar,
And our Commerce extend to the earth's utmost shore.

Our cannon we'll ply,
While our standard shall fly;
Resolved, firm, and steady,
We always are ready
To fight, and to conquer, to conquer or die.

To know we're resolved, let them think on the hour,
 When Truxton, brave Truxton off Nevis's shore,
 His ship mann'd for battle, the standard unfurl'd,
 And at the *Insurgente* defiance he hurled ;

And his valiant tars cry,
 While our standards shall fly,
 Resolved, firm, and steady,
 We always are ready

To fight, and to conquer, to conquer or die.

Each heart beat exulting, inspir'd by the cause ;
 They fought for their country, their freedom and laws ;
 From their cannon loud volleys of vengeance they pour'd,
 And the standard of France to Columbia was lower'd.

Huzza ! they now cry,
 Let the Eagle wave high ;
 Resolved, firm, and steady,
 We always are ready

To fight, and to conquer, to conquer or die.

Then raise high the strain, pay the tribute that's due
 To the fair *Constellation*, and all her brave crew ;
 Be Truxton revered, and his name be enrolled
 'Mongst the chiefs of the ocean, the heroes of old.

Each invader defy,
 While such heroes are nigh,
 Who always are ready,
 Resolved, firm, and steady

To fight, and to conquer, to conquer or die.

ANONYMOUS.

From "Poems of American History," edited by Burton E. Stevenson.

HOW WE BURNED THE PHILADELPHIA

[For some years America had been paying tribute to the pirates of the Barbary Coast on the Mediterranean for immunity to our commerce. But in 1803 war was declared on Tripoli, and in February, 1804, a squadron sent to enforce it. The pirates captured the beached warship "Philadelphia," and anchored it under the guns of their fort. Lieutenant Stephen Decatur led a party who slew the crew, fired the ship and escaped without loss. The navy fiercely pursued the war till Tripoli yielded, released her prisoners, and gave up the tribute.]

*By the beard of the Prophet the Bashaw swore
He would scourge us from the seas;
Yankees should trouble his soul no more—
By the Prophet's beard the Bashaw swore,
Then lighted his hookah, and took his ease,
And troubled his soul no more.*

The moon was dim in the western sky,
And a mist fell soft on the sea,
As we slipped away from the Siren brig
And headed for Tripoli.

Behind us the hulk of the Siren lay,
Before us the empty night;
And when again we looked behind
The Siren was gone from our sight.

Nothing behind us, and nothing before,
Only the silence and rain,
As the jaws of the sea took hold of our bows
And cast us up again.

Through the rain and the silence we stole along,
Cautious and stealthy and slow,
For we knew the waters were full of those
Who might challenge the *Mastico*.

But nothing we saw till we saw the ghost
 Of the ship we had come to see,
 Her ghostly lights and her ghostly frame
 Rolling uneasily.

And as we looked, the mist drew up
 And the moon threw off her veil,
 And we saw the ship in the pale moonlight,
 Ghostly and drear and pale.

Then spoke Decatur low and said:
 "To the bulwarks' shadow all!
 But the six who wear the Tripoli dress
 Shall answer the sentinel's call."

"What ship is that?" cried the sentinel.
 "No ship," was the answer free;
 "But only a Malta ketch in distress
 Wanting to moor in your lee.

"We have lost our anchor, and wait for day
 To sail into Tripoli town,
 And the sea rolls fierce and high to-night,
 So cast a cable down."

Then close to the frigate's side we came,
 Made fast to her unforbid—
 Six of us bold in the heathen dress,
 The rest of us lying hid.

But one who saw us hiding there
 "*Americano!*" cried.
 Then straight we rose and made a rush
 Pellmell up the frigate's side.

Less than a hundred men were we,
 And the heathen were twenty score;
 But a Yankee sailor in those old days
 Liked odds of one to four.

And first we cleaned the quarter-deck,
And then from stern to stem
We charged into our enemies
And quickly slaughtered them.

All around was the dreadful sound
Of corpses striking the sea,
And the awful shrieks of dying men
In their last agony.

The heathen fought like devils all,
But one by one they fell,
Swept from the deck by our cutlasses
To the water, and so to hell.

Some we found in the black of the hold,
Some to the fo'c's'le fled,
But all in vain; we sought them out
And left them lying dead;

Till at last no soul but Christian souls
Upon that ship was found;
The twenty score were dead, and we,
The hundred, safe and sound.

And, stumbling over the tangled dead,
The deck a crimson tide,
We fired the ship from keel to shrouds
And tumbled over the side.

Then out to sea we sailed once more
With the world as light as day,
And the flames revealed a hundred sail
Of the heathen there in the bay.

All suddenly the red light paled,
And the rain rang out on the sea;
Then—a dazzling flash, a deafening roar,
Between us and Tripoli!

Then, nothing behind us, and nothing before,
 Only the silence and rain;
 And the jaws of the sea took hold of our bows
 And cast us up again.

*By the beard of the Prophet the Bashaw swore
 He would scourge us from the seas;
 Yankees should trouble his soul no more—
 By the Prophet's beard the Bashaw swore,
 Then lighted his hookah and took his ease,
 And troubled his soul no more.*

BARRETT EASTMAN.

By kind permission of Mr. Wallace Rice.

FAREWELL, PEACE

[Following peace with England, commercial and financial disagreements with her arose. The chief irritant was the "right of search" demanded and exercised on our vessels, and the seizure of men for their navy claimed as British subjects. An embargo was laid on commerce with her, but, urged by the growing popular anger Congress declared war on England, June 18, 1812.]

Farewell, Peace! another crisis
 Calls us to "the last appeal,"
 Made when monarchs and their vices
 Leave no argument but *steel*.
 When injustice and oppression
 Dare avow the tyrant's plea.
 Who would recommend submission?
 Virtue bids us to be free.

History spreads her page before us,
 Time unrolls his ample scroll;
 Truth unfolds them, to assure us,
 States, united, ne'er can fall.
 See, in annals Greek and Roman,
 What immortal deeds we find;
 When those gallant sons of woman
 In their country's cause combined.

Sons of Freedom! brave descendants
 From a race of heroes tried,
 To preserve our independence
 Let all Europe be defied.
 Let not all the world, united,
 Rob us of one sacred right:
 Every patriot heart's delighted
 In his country's cause to fight.

Come then, War ! with hearts elated
To thy standard we will fly ;
Every bosom animated
Either to live free or die.
May the wretch that shrinks from duty,
Or deserts the glorious strife,
Never know the smile of beauty,
Nor the blessing of a wife.

ANONYMOUS.

From "Poems of American History," edited by Burton E. Stevenson.

ON THE CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIÈRE

[*The small levies of the American army did not score greatly against the better appointed invading British troops in this war, but the American genius shone in many naval victories. One of the earliest and most famous was the capture of the British "Guerrière" on August 19, 1812, by the frigate "Constitution" — later known as "Old Ironsides."*]

Long the tyrant of our coast
 Reign'd the famous *Guerrière*:
 Our little navy she defied,
 Public ship and privateer:
 On her sails in letters red,
 To our captains were displayed
 Words of warning, words of dread,
 "All who meet me, have a care!
 I am England's *Guerrière*."

On the wide, Atlantic deep
 (Not her equal for the fight)
 The *Constitution*, on her way,
 Chanced to meet these men of might;
 On her sails was nothing said,
 But her waist the teeth displayed
 That a deal of blood could shed,
 Which, if she would venture near,
 Would stain the decks of the *Guerrière*.

Now our gallant ship they met—
 And, to struggle with John Bull—
 Who had come, they little thought,
 Strangers, yet, to Isaac Hull:
 Better soon to be acquainted:
 Isaac hailed the Lord's anointed—
 While the crew the cannon pointed,
 And the balls were so directed
 With a blaze so unexpected;

Isaac so did maul and rake her
 That the decks of Captain Dacre
 Were in such a woful pickle
 As if death with scythe and sickle,
 With his sling, or with his shaft
 Had cut his harvest fore and aft.
 Thus, in thirty minutes ended,
 Mischiefs that could not be mended;
 Masts, and yards, and ship descended,
 All to David Jones's locker—
 Such a ship in such a pucker!

Drink a bout to the *Constitution*!
 She performed some execution,
 Did some share of retribution
 For the insults of the year
 When she took the *Guerrière*.
 May success again await her,
 Let who will again command her,
 Bainbridge, Rodgers, or Decatur—
 Nothing like her can withstand her,
 With a crew like that on board her
 Who so boldly called "to order"
 One bold crew of English sailors,
 Long, too long our seamen's jailors,
 Dacre and the *Guerrière*!

PHILIP FRENEAU.

OLD IRONSIDES

[Verses, the popularity of which averted in 1830 the proposed sale or breaking up of the old frigate "Constitution," then lying at the Navy Yard in Charlestown, Mass. She was repaired, and is still in service as a school ship at Fortress Monroe, Va.]

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread;—
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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DEFEAT AND VICTORY

[One of the American defeats was in the capture of the frigate "Chesapeake," commanded by Captain James Lawrence, in desperate fight with the British frigate "Shannon," on June 1, 1813. But the spirit of the dying Lawrence left "words that burn" still, and that have redeemed many a hopeless struggle to success.]

Through the clangor of the cannon,
 Through the combat's wreck and reek,
 Answer to th' o'er-mastering Shannon
 Thunders from the *Chesapeake*:
 Gallant Lawrence, wounded, dying,
 Speaks with still unconquered lip
 Ere the bitter draught he drinks:
Keep the Flag flying!
Fight her till she strikes or sinks!
Don't give up the ship!

Still that voice is sounding o'er us,
 So bold Perry heard it call;
 Farragut has joined its chorus;
 Porter, Dewey, Wainwright—all
 Heard the voice of duty crying;
 Deathless word from dauntless lip
 That our past and future links:
Keep the Flag flying!
Fight her till she strikes or sinks!
Don't give up the ship!

WALLACE RICE.

By kind permission of the Author.

THE BATTLE OF STONINGTON ON THE SEABOARD OF CONNECTICUT

[As during the Revolution, the British fleets kept up a desolating blockade, destroying coast towns and villages. The northern shore of Long Island Sound suffered grievously, but sometimes the local volunteer coast guard made plucky defense, as at Stonington, Conn., on August 9-12, 1814.]

Four gallant ships from England came
Freighted deep with fire and flame,
And other things we need not name,
To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safely moor'd, their work begun;
They thought to make the Yankees run,
And have a mighty deal of fun
In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A deacon then popp'd up his head,
And parson Jones's sermon read,
In which the reverend doctor said
That they must fight for Stonington.

A townsman bade them, next, attend
To sundry resolutions penn'd,
By which they promised to defend
With sword and gun old Stonington.

The ships advancing different ways,
The Britons soon began to blaze,
And put th' old women in amaze,
Who fear'd the loss of Stonington.

The Yankees to their fort repair'd,
And made as though they little cared
For all that came—though very hard
The cannon play'd on Stonington.

The *Ramillies* began the attack,
Despatch came forward—bold and black—
 And none can tell what kept them back
 From setting fire to Stonington.

The bombardiers with bomb and ball,
 Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
 And did a cow-house sadly maul
 That stood a mile from Stonington.

They kill'd a goose, they kill'd a hen,
 Three hogs they wounded in a pen—
 They dash'd away, and pray what then?
 This was not taking Stonington.

The shells were thrown, the rockets flew,
 But not a shell, of all they threw,
 Though every house was full in view,
 Could burn a house at Stonington.

To have their turn they thought but fair;—
 The Yankees brought two guns to bear,
 And, sir, it would have made you stare,
 This smoke of smokes at Stonington.

They bored *Pactolus* through and through,
 And kill'd and wounded of her crew
 So many, that she bade adieu
 T' the gallant boys of Stonington.

The brig *Despatch* was hull'd and torn—
 So crippled, riddled, so forlorn,
 No more she cast an eye of scorn
 On the little fort at Stonington.

The *Ramillies* gave up th' affray,
 And, with her comrades, sneak'd away,
 Such was the valor, on that day,
 Of British tars near Stonington.

But some assert, on certain grounds
(Besides the damage and the wounds),
It cost the king ten thousand pounds
To have a dash at Stonington.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

PERRY'S VICTORY

[Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry communicated his success with a small emergency fleet against a stronger British one, well prepared, on Lake Erie, September 10, 1813, in this concise dispatch: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."]

We sailed to and fro in Erie's broad lake,
To find British bullies or get into their wake,
When we hoisted our canvas with true Yankee speed,
And the brave Captain Perry our squadron did lead.

We sailed through the lake, boys, in search of the foe,
In the cause of Columbia our brav'ry to show,
To be equal in combat was all our delight,
As we wished the proud Britons to know we could fight.

And whether like Yeo, boys, they'd taken affright,
We could see not, nor find them by day or by night;
So cruising we went in a glorious cause,
In defence of our rights, our freedom, and laws,

At length to our liking, six sails hove in view,
Huzzah! says brave Perry, huzzah! says his crew,
And then for the chase, boys, with our brave little crew,
We fell in with the bullies and gave them "burgoo."

Though the force was unequal, determined to fight,
We brought them to action before it was night;
We let loose our thunder, our bullets did fly,
"Now give them your shot, boys," our commander did cry.

We gave them a broadside, our cannon to try,
"Well done," says brave Perry, "for quarter they'll cry,
Shot well home, my brave boys, they shortly shall see,
That quite brave as they are, still braver are we."

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Then we drew up our squadron, each man full of fight,
And put the proud Britons in a terrible plight,
The brave Perry's movements will prove fully as bold,
As the fam'd Admiral Nelson's prowess of old.

The conflict was sharp, boys, each man to his gun,
For our country, her glory, the vict'ry was won,
So six sail (the whole fleet) was our fortune to take,
Here's a health to brave Perry, who governs the Lake.

ANONYMOUS.

From "Poems of American History," edited by Burton E. Stevenson.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

[The severest blow struck by the British resulted in arousing the nation to fight, and in a great gain to the country. On August 24, 1814, they ascended Chesapeake Bay, marched to Washington and burned the Capitol, the White House and other buildings. Thence they went to Baltimore to join their fleet in attacking Fort Mc-Henry, on September 12. Francis Scott Key had gone to the fleet to arrange exchange of prisoners, and was kept during the night bombardment. Next morning, seeing the Stars and Stripes "still there" over the fort, he was inspired to write what has become America's favorite national hymn.]

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam-
ing?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds
of the fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming!

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there:

O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:

'T is the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion

A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution.

110 THE MORE PERFECT UNION

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued
land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

ON THE BRITISH INVASION

[The humiliation of the capture and burning of Washington in 1814 stirred orators, poets, legislators and the people at large to spirited activity for resistance.]

From France, desponding and betray'd,
 From liberty in ruins laid,
 Exulting Britain has display'd
 Her flag, again to invade us.

Her myrmidons, with murdering eye,
 Across the broad Atlantic fly,
 Prepared again their strength to try,
 And strike our country's standard.

Lord Wellington's ten thousand slaves,
 And thrice ten thousand, on the waves,
 And thousands more of brags and braves
 Are under sail, and coming,

To burn our towns, to seize our soil,
 To change our laws, our country spoil,
 And Madison to Elba's isle
 To send without redemption.

In Boston state they hope to find
 A Yankee host of kindred mind,
 To aid their arms, to rise and bind
 Their countrymen in shackles.

But no such thing—it will not do—
 At least, not while a Jersey Blue
 Is to the cause of freedom true,
 Or the bold Pennsylvanian.

A curse on England's frantic schemes!
 Both mad and blind, her monarch dreams
 Of crowns and kingdoms in these climes,
 Where kings have had their sentence.

Though Washington has left our coast,
 Yet other Washingtons we boast,
 Who rise, instructed by his ghost,
 To punish all invaders.

Go where they will, where'er they land,
 This pilfering, plundering, pirate band,
 They Liberty will find at hand
 To hurl them to perdition!

If in Virginia they appear,
 Their fate is fix'd, their doom is near,
 Death in their front, and hell their rear;
 So says the gallant buckskin.

All Carolina is prepared,
 And Charleston doubly on her guard;
 Where, once, Sir Peter badly fared,
 So blasted by Fort Moultrie.

If farther south they turn their views,
 With veteran troops, or veteran crews,
 The curse of Heaven their march pursues,
 To send them all a-packing.

The tallest mast that sails the wave,
 The longest keel its waters lave,
 Will bring them to an early grave
 On the shores of Pensacola.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

THE FIGHT OF THE ARMSTRONG PRIVATEER

[*An inspiring tale of battle against great odds and extraordinary coolness in defeat is that of the privateer "Armstrong," Captain Samuel C. Reid, Commander, in the harbor of Fayal of the Azores, September 26, 1814.*]

Tell the story to your sons
 Of the gallant days of yore,
 When the brig of seven guns
 Fought the fleet of seven score,
 From the set of sun till morn, through the long September night—
 Ninety men against two thousand, and the ninety won the fight
 In the harbor of Fayal the Azore.

Three lofty British ships came a-sailing to Fayal:
 One was a line-of-battle ship, and two were frigates tall;
 Nelson's valiant men of war, brave as Britons ever are,
 Manned the guns they served so well at Aboukir and Trafalgar.

Lord Dundonald and his fleet at Jamaica far away
 Waited eager for their coming, fretted sore at their delay.
 There was loot for British valor on the Mississippi coast;
 In the beauty and the booty that the Creole cities boast;
 There were rebel knaves to swing, there were prisoners to bring
 Home in fetters to old England for the glory of the King!

At the setting of the sun and the ebbing of the tide
 Came the great ships one by one, with their portals opened wide,
 And their cannon frowning down on the castle and the town
 And the privateer that lay close inside;
 Came the eighteen-gun *Carnation*, and the *Rota*, forty-four,
 And the triple-decked *Plantagenet* an Admiral's pennon bore;

114 THE MORE PERFECT UNION

And the privateer grew smaller as their top-masts towered
taller,
And she bent her springs and anchored by the castle on
the shore.

Spoke the noble Portuguese to the stranger: "Have no
fear;
They are neutral waters these, and your ship is sacred
here
As if fifty stout armadas to shelter you from harm,
For the honor of the Briton will defend you from his
arm."
But the privateersman said, "Well we know the English-
men,
And their faith is written red in the Dartmoor slaughter-
pen.
Come what fortune God may send, we will fight them to
the end,
And the mercy of the sharks may spare us then."

"Seize the pirate where she lies!" cried the English
Admiral:
"If the Portuguese protect her, all the worse for Portu-
gal!"
And four launches at his bidding leaped impatient for the
fray,
Speeding shoreward where the *Armstrong*, grim and
dark and ready, lay.
Twice she hailed and gave them warning; but the feeble
menace scorning,
On they came in splendid silence, till a cable's length
away.
Then the Yankee pivot spoke; Pico's thousand echoes
woke;
And four baffled, beaten launches drifted helpless on the
bay.

Then the wrath of Lloyd arose till the lion roared again.
And he called out all his launches and he called five
hundred men;

And he gave the word "No quarter!" and he sent them
forth to smite.

Heaven help the foe before him when the Briton comes
in might!

Heaven helped the little *Armstrong* in her hour of bitter
need;

God Almighty nerved the heart and guided well the arm
of Reid.

Launches to port and starboard, launches forward and
aft,

Fourteen launches together striking the little craft.

They hacked at the boarding-nettings, they swarmed
above the rail;

But the Long Tom roared from his pivot and the grape-
shot fell like hail;

Pike and pistol and cutlass, and hearts that knew not
fear,

Bulwarks of brawn and mettle, guarded the privateer.

And ever where fight was fiercest the form of Reid was
seen:

Ever where foes drew nearest, his quick sword fell
between.

Once in the deadly strife

The boarder's leader pressed

Forward of all the rest

Challenging life for life;

But ere their blades had crossed

A dying sailor tossed

His pistol to Reid, and cried,

"Now riddle the lubber's hide!"

But the privateersman laughed, and flung the weapon
aside,

And he drove his blade to the hilt, and the foeman gasped
and died.

Then the boarders took to their launches, laden with hurt
and dead,

But little with glory burdened, and out of the battle fled.

116 THE MORE PERFECT UNION

Now the tide was at flood again, and the night was
almost done,
When the sloop-of-war came up with her odds of two to
one,
And she opened fire; but the *Armstrong* answered her,
gun for gun,
And the gay *Carnation* wilted in half an hour of sun
Then the *Armstrong*, looking seaward, saw the mighty
seventy-four,
With her triple tier of cannon, drawing slowly to the
shore.
And the dauntless captain said: "Take our wounded and
our dead,
Bear them tenderly to land, for the *Armstrong's* days are
o'er;
But no foe shall tread her deck, and no flag above it
wave—
To the ship that saved our honor we will give a shipman's
grave."
So they did as he commanded, and they bore their mates
to land
With the figurehead of *Armstrong* and the good sword in
his hand.
Then they turned the Long Tom downward, and they
pierced her oaken side,
And they cheered her, and they blessed her, and they
sunk her in the tide.

Tell the story to your sons,
When the haughty stranger boasts
Of his mighty ships and guns
And the muster of his hosts,
How the word of God was witnessed in the gallant days
of yore
When the twenty fled from one ere the rising of the sun,
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore!

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

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Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers, and by courtesy of
Arthur Somers Roche for the Author.

JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS

[The fighting in this second war with England was closed by Andrew Jackson's victory at New Orleans, on January 8, 1815,—his little band of Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen against 7,000 of England's choicest troops—when, although-neither of the fighting parties knew it, peace had already been signed at Ghent in Belgium by English and American commissioners.]

Hear through the morning drums and trumpets sounding,
Rumbling of cannon, tramp of mighty armies ;
Then the mist sunders, all the plain disclosing
Scarlet for England.

Batteries roll on, halt, and flashing lightnings
Search out our earthworks, silent and portentous.
Fierce on our right with crimson banners tossing
Their lines spring forward.

Lanyards in hand, Americans and seamen,
Gunnery from warships, Lafitte's privateersmen,
Roar out our thunders till the grape and shrapnel
Shriek through their columns.

Shattered in fragments, thus their right is riven ;
But on our left a deadlier bolt is speeding :
Wellesley's Peninsulars, never yet defeated,
Charge in their valor.

Closing their files, our cannon fire disdaining,
Dauntless they come with vict'ry on their standards ;
Then slowly rise the rifles of our marksmen,
Tennessee hunters.

Cradles of flame and scythes of whistling bullets
Lay them in windrows, war's infernal harvest.
High through the onslaught Tennessee is shouting,
Joying in battle.

Pakenham falls there, Keane and his Highlanders
 Close from the center, hopeless in their courage;
 Backward they stagger, dying and disabled,
 Gloriously routed.

Stilled are our rifles as our cheers grow louder:
 War clouds sweep back in January breezes,
 Showing the dreadful proof of the great triumph
 God hath vouchsafed us.

That gallant war-host, England's best and bravest,
 Met by raw levies, scores against its hundreds
 Lies at our feet, a thing for woman's weeping,
 Reddening the meadows.

Freed are our States from European tyrants:
 Lift then your voices for the little army
 Led by our battle-loving Andrew Jackson,
 Blest of Jehovah.

WALLACE RICE.

By kind permission of the Author.

HOME, SWEET HOME

[An American actor, playwright and theatrical manager, whose early life was spent in East Hampton, Long Island, N. Y., wrote this song, reminiscent of youth, for his English opera, "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which he produced at Covent Garden Theater, London, in May, 1832.]

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call;—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind dearer than all!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
But give me, O give me, the pleasures of home!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

AMERICA

[The author of this song (1832), a clergyman in Newton Centre, Mass., was a member of the famous Harvard class of 1829, humorously celebrated by Oliver Wendell Holmes (another of them) in a class reunion poem of 1859, "The Boys." He thus sketched the song-maker:

*And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate thought to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he chanted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal 'My Country' 'of Thee'!*

The air was German, but has been used for patriotic purposes by a number of Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon countries—notably by England in Henry Carey's "God Save Great George Our King," in 1740.]

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

THE MEN OF THE ALAMO

[In 1835, settlers of the Mexican province of Texas—mostly from the United States—rebelled against Mexican despotism, declaring Texan independence. Fierce fighting ensued. One of the most renowned conflicts was at the Alamo (fort defending the town of San Antonio), besieged in the spring of 1836 by several thousand Mexicans, held by 150 Americans under Colonel Barrett Travis, reinforced by 32 more under the famous border scout, Davy Crockett. At the loss of thousands, the Mexicans carried the fort, after every one of the garrison was slain.]

To Houston at Gonzales town, ride, Ranger, for your life,
Nor stop to say good-by to-day to home, or child, or wife;
But pass the word from ranch to ranch, to every Texan
sword,

That fifty hundred Mexicans have crossed the Nueces
ford,

With Castrillon and perjured Cos, Sesmá and Almonté,
And Santa Anna ravenous for vengeance and for prey!
They smite the land with fire and sword; the grass shall
never grow

Where northward sweeps that locust horde on San
Antonio!

Now who will bar the foeman's path, to gain a breathing
space,

Till Houston and his scattered men shall meet him face
to face?

Who holds his life as less than naught when home and
honor call,

And counts the guerdon full and fair for liberty to fall?
Oh, who but Barrett Travis, the bravest of them all!

With sevenscore of riflemen to play the rancher's game,
And feed a counter-fire to halt the sweeping prairie
flame;

For Bowie of the broken blade is there to cheer them on,
With Evans of Concepcion, who conquered Castrillon,
And o'er their heads the Lone Star flag defiant floats on
high,

And no man thinks of yielding, and no man fears to die.

But ere the siege is held a week a cry is heard without,
A clash of arms, a rifle peal, the Ranger's ringing shout,
And two-and-thirty beardless boys have bravely hewed
their way

To die with Travis if they must, to conquer if they may.
Was ever valor held so cheap in Glory's mart before
In all the days of chivalry, in all the deeds of war?
But once again the foemen gave in wonderment and fear
To see a stranger break their lines and hear the Texans
cheer.

God! how they cheered to welcome him, those spent and
starving men!

For Davy Crockett by their side was worth an army then.
The wounded ones forgot their wounds; the dying drew
a breath

To hail the king of border men, then turned to laugh at
death.

For all knew Davy Crockett, blithe and generous as bold,
And strong and rugged as the quartz that hides its heart
of gold.

His simple creed for word or deed true as the bullet sped,
And rung the target straight: "Be sure you're right, then
go ahead!"

And were they right who fought the fight for Texas by
his side?

They questioned not; they faltered not; they only fought
and died.

Who hath an enemy like these, God's mercy slay him
straight!—

A thousand Mexicans lay dead outside the convent gate,
And half a thousand more must die before the fortress
falls,

And still the tide of war beats high around the leaguered
walls.

At last the bloody breach is won; the weakened lines give
way;

The wolves are swarming in the court; the lions stand at
bay.

The leader meets them at the breach, and wins the soldier's prize;

A foeman's bosom sheathes his sword when gallant Travis dies.

Now let the victor feast at will until his crest be red—
We may not know what raptures fill the vulture with the dead.

Let Santa Anna's valiant sword right bravely hew and hack

The senseless corse; its hands are cold; they will not strike him back.

Let Bowie die, but 'ware the hand that wields his deadly knife;

Four went to slay, and one comes back, so dear he sells his life.

And last of all let Crockett fall, too proud to sue for grace,
So grand in death the butcher dared not look upon his face.

But far on San Jacinto's field the Texan toils are set,
And Alamo's dread memory the Texan steel shall whet.
And Fame shall tell their deeds who fell till all the years
be run.

"Thermopylæ left one alive—the Alamo left none."

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

From "Ballads of Blue Water," by permission of the Pilot Publishing Company, Boston, and by courtesy of Arthur Somers Roche, for the Author.

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT

[In 1842, Captain John Charles Frémont—son-in-law of Senator Benton of St. Louis, Missouri—proposed surveying the territory west of the Rocky Mountains; and from then until 1858 made five remarkable expeditions to California and Oregon, surveying transcontinental routes. In 1845-6, during the Mexican War, he practically conquered California (a Mexican province) for the United States. After the gold discovery the plains were alive with men and families bound for the golden coast. In 1850 Frémont, as Senator from California, headed the "Free Soilers" who brought the State into the Union free from slavery.]

Pathfinder—and Path-clincher!
 Who blazed the way, indeed,
 But more—who made the eternal Fact
 Where to a path had need;
 Who, while our Websters set at naught
 The thing that Was to Be,
 Whipped-out our halting, half-way map
 Full to the Other Sea!

'T was well that there were some could read
 The logic of the West!
 A Kansas-edged geography,
 Of provinces confessed,
 Became potential Union
 And took a Nation's span
 When God sent Opportunity
 And Benton found the Man!

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

By kind permission of the Author.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

[Much discussion seems to show that this popular song was written and the tune composed by Thomas a' Becket, a musician of English birth in Philadelphia, and first sung (like "Hail Columbia" in a theater there) by David T. Shaw in 1843.]

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free,
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
 A world offers homage to thee.
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
 When Liberty's form stands in view;
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the red, white and blue;
 When borne by the red, white and blue,
 When borne by the red, white and blue,
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
 And threatened the land to deform,
 The ark then of freedom's foundation,
 Columbia, rode safe thro' the storm:
 With the garlands of vict'ry around her,
 When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 With her flag proudly floating before her,
 The boast of the red, white and blue,
 The boast of the red, white and blue,
 The boast of the red, white and blue,
 With her flag proudly floating before her,
 The boast of the red, white and blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
 O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
 May the wreaths they have won never wither,
 Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:

May the service, united, ne'er sever,

But hold to their colors so true;

The army and navy forever,

Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,

The army and navy forever,

Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

THOMAS A' BECKET.

THE EMPIRE SHIP

I have sung my songs to the stately ships that are sailing
 the Seven Seas,
 But today I sing of a ruder craft that laughed at the
 lulling breeze,—
 Of the "Prairie Schooner," quaint and slow, with its dim
 and dusky sails,
 A phantom ship from the long ago, adrift in the grass-
 grown trails.

Westward ho! Westward ho!
 Out where the winds are sweet and low
 And the grassy cradles swing and sway,
 The star of empire takes its way,
 Westward ho!

Ere the bellowing steed of steel and steam had startled
 the timid deer,
 Where the curlew whistled its plaintive call to the gray
 grouse nesting near,
 Through the fair, fresh prairies, hushed and hid, where
 the wild wolf made her den,
 There came this land-launched schooner, manned by
 bronzed and brawny men.

Westward ho! Westward ho!
 Out where the bold, brisk breezes blow,
 And a young world walks in the fields of May,
 The star of empire takes its way,
 Westward ho!

And in that marvelous ship that sailed to the shores of
 the wondrous West,
 Was a mother who caroled a song of joy to the babe at
 her happy breast;
 And stowed away in the good ship's hold were a book
 and plow and pen,
 And a sickle and seeds—yea, all God needs for the making
 of matchless men.

Westward ho! Westward ho!

Out where the golden harvests glow
And the builders are building day by day,
The star of empire takes its way,
Westward ho!

NIXON WATERMAN.

By permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Forbes & Company,
Chicago.

THE EXODUS FOR OREGON

A tale half told and hardly understood;
 The talk of bearded men that chanced to meet,
 That leaned on long quaint rifles in the wood,
 That looked in fellow faces, spoke discreet
 And low, as half in doubt and in defeat
 Of hope; a tale it was of lands of gold
 That lay below the sun. Wild-winged and fleet
 It spread among the swift Missouri's bold
 Unbridled men, and reached to where Ohio rolled.

Then long chained lines of yoked and patient steers:
 Then long white trains that pointed to the west,
 Beyond the savage west; the hopes and fears
 Of blunt, untutored men, who hardly guessed
 Their course; the brave and silent women, dressed
 In homely spun attire, the boys in bands,
 The cheery babes that laughed at all, and blessed
 The doubting hearts, with laughing, lifted hands!
 What exodus for far untraversed lands!

The Plains! The shouting drivers at the wheel;
 The crash of leather whips; the crush and roll
 Of wheels; the groan of yokes and grinding steel
 And iron chain, and lo! at last the whole
 Vast line, that reached as if to touch the goal,
 Began to stretch and stream away and wind
 Toward the West, as if with one control;
 Then hope loomed fair, and home lay far behind;
 Before, the boundless plain, and fiercest of their kind.

At first the way lay green and fresh as seas,
 And far away as any reach of wave;
 The sunny streams went by in belt of trees;
 And here and there the tassel'd tawny brave
 Swept by on horse, looked back, stretched forth and gave
 A yell of warn, and then did wheel and rein
 Awhile, and point away, dark-browed and grave

Into the far and dim and distant plain
 With signs and prophecies, and then plunged on again.
 Some hills at last began to lift and break;
 Some streams began to fail of wood and tide,
 The somber plain began betime to take
 A hue of weary brown, and wild and wide
 It stretched its naked breast on every side.
 A babe was heard at last to cry for bread
 Amid the deserts; cattle lowed and died,
 And dying men went by with broken tread,
 And left a long black serpent line of wreck and dead.

Strange hungered birds, black-winged and still as death,
 And crowned of red with hooked beaks, blew low
 And close about, till we could touch their breath—
 Strange unnamed birds, that seemed to come and go
 In circles now, and now direct and slow,
 Continual, yet never touch the earth;
 Slim foxes slid and shuttled to and fro
 At times across the dusty weary dearth
 Of life, looked back, then sank like crickets in a hearth.

Then dust arose, a long dim line like smoke
 From out of riven earth. The wheels went groaning by,
 Ten thousand feet in harness and in yoke,
 They tore the ways of ashen alkali
 And desert winds blew sudden, swift and dry.
 The dust! it sat upon and filled the train!
 It seemed to fret and fill the very sky.
 Lo! dust upon the beasts, the tent, the plain,
 And dust, alas! on breasts that rose not up again.

They sat in desolation and in dust
 By dried-up desert streams; the mother's hands
 Hid all her bended face; the cattle thrust
 Their tongues and faintly called across the lands.
 The babes, that knew not what this way through sand
 Could mean, did ask if it would end today.
 The panting wolves slid by, red-eyed, in bands
 To pools beyond. The men looked far away,
 And, silent, saw that all a boundless desert lay.

They rose by night; they struggled on and on
 As thin and still as ghosts; then here and there
 Beside the dusty way before the dawn,
 Men silent laid them down in their despair
 And died. But woman! Woman, frail as fair!
 May man have strength to give to you your due;
 You faltered not, nor murmured anywhere,
 You held your babes, held to your course, and you
 Bore on through burning hell your double burdens through.

Men stood at last, the decimated few,
 Above a land of running streams, and they?
 They pushed aside the boughs, and peering through
 Beheld afar the cool refreshing bay;
 Then some did curse, and some bend hands to pray;
 But some looked back upon the desert, wide
 And desolate with death, then all the day
 They mourned. But one, with nothing left beside
 His dog to love, crept down among the ferns and died.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

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THE PRESENT CRISIS

[In May, 1836, Mexico recognized the independence of Texas, and that new republic applied for admission to the United States. For years discussion raged—the North fearing the proposition, both as conferring new strength on slavery and as sure to breed war with Mexico, the South of course favoring it. Among the eloquent opponents of it was the poet Lowell, who wrote the following in December, 1844.]

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad
 earth's aching breast
 Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to
 west,
 And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within
 him climb
 To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
 Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem
 of Time.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
 decide,
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or
 evil side;
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the
 bloom or blight,
 Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon
 the right.
 And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and
 that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou
 shalt stand,
 Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust
 against our land?
 Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is
 strong,
 And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her
 throng
 Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all
 wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments
 see,
 That like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through
 Oblivion's sea;
 Not an ear in court or market for the low, foreboding
 cry
 Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet
 earth's chaff must fly;
 Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath
 passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but
 record
 One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and
 the Word;
 Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the
 throne,—
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim
 unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above
 His own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is
 great,
 Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm
 of fate,
 But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
 List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave
 within,—
 "They enslave their children's children who make com-
 promise with sin."

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant
 brood,
 Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched
 the earth with blood,
 Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer
 day,
 Grotes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey;—
 Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless chil-
 dren play?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous
to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands
aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had
denied.

.
New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient
good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep
abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must
Pilgrims be,
Launch our *Mayflower*, and steer boldly through the des-
perate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-
rusted key.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers.

SONG OF TEXAS

[As foreseen, the admission of Texas to the Union, on December 29, 1845, was promptly followed by war with Mexico. This was bitterly opposed, especially by New England, but patriotism overcame discussion, and the country at large sprang to arms, the armies being largely volunteers.]

Make room on our banner bright
 That flaps in the lifting gale,
 For the orb that lit the fight
 In Jacinto's storied vale.
 Through clouds, all dark of hue,
 It arose with radiant face;
 Oh, grant to a sister true,
 Ye stars, in your train a place!

The blood of the Saxon flows
 In the veins of men who cry,—
 "Give ear, give ear unto those
 Who pine for their native sky!
 We call on our Motherland
 For a home in Freedom's hall,—
 While stretching forth the hand,
 Oh, build no dividing wall!

"The Mexican vaunteth no more;
 In strife we have tamed his pride;
 The coward raps not at your door,
 Speak out! shall it open wide?
 Oh, the wish of our hearts is strong,
 That the star of Jacinto's fight
 Have place in the flashing throng
 That spangle your banner bright."

WILLIAM HENRY CUYLER HOSMER.

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TO ARMS

Awake! arise, ye men of might!
 The glorious hour is nigh,—
 Your eagle pauses in his flight,
 And screams his battle-cry.

From North to South, from East to West:
 Send back an answering cheer,
 And say farewell to peace and rest,
 And banish doubt and fear.

Arm! arm! your country bids you arm!
 Fling out your banners free—
 Let drum and trumpet sound alarm,
 O'er mountains, plain, and sea.

March onward from th' Atlantic shore,
 To Rio Grandè's tide—
 Fight as your fathers fought of yore!
 Die as your fathers died!

Go! vindicate your country's fame,
 Avenge your country's wrong!
 The sons should own a deathless name,
 To whom such sires belong.

The kindred of the noble dead
 As noble deeds should dare:
 The fields whereon their blood was shed
 A deeper stain must bear.

To arms! to arms! ye men of might;
 Away from home, away!
 The first and foremost in the fight
 Are sure to win the day!

PARK BENJAMIN.

By kind permission of Mr. Park Benjamin, Jr.

HOSEA BIGLOW ON WAR FOR SLAVERY

[June, 1846]

Thrash away, you'll *hev* to rattle
 On them kittle-drums o' yourn,—
 'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
 Thet is ketched with mouldy corn;
 Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
 Let folks see how spry you be,—
 Guess you'll toot till you are yellor
 'Fore you git ahoid o' me!

Thet air flag's a leetle rotten,
 Hope it aint your Sunday's best;—
 Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
 To stuff out a soger's chest:
 Sence we farmers hev to pay fer 't,
 Ef you must wear humps like these,
 S'posin' you should try salt hay fer 't,
 It would du ez slick ez grease.

'Twouldn't suit them Southun fellers,
 They're a dreffle graspin' set,
 We must ollers blow the bellers
 Wen they want their irons het;
 May be it's all right ez preachin',
 But *my* nerves it kind o' grates,
 When I see the overreachin'
 O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,
 Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth
 (Helped by Yankee renegaders),
 Thru the vartu o' the North!
 We begin to think it's nater
 To take sarse an' not be riled;—
 Who'd expect to see a tater
 All on eend at bein' biled?

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
 There you hev it plain an' flat;
 I don't want to go no furdur
 Than my Testyment fer that;
 God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
 It's ez long ez it is broad,
 An' you've gut to git up airly
 Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
 Make the thing a grain more right;
 'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers
 Will excuse ye in His sight;
 Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
 An' go stick a feller thru,
 Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,
 God'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
 Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
 Ef it's right to go amowin'
 Feller-men like oats an' rye?
 I dunno but what it's pooty
 Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
 But it's curus Christian dooty
 This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
 Tell they're pupple in the face,—
 It's a grand gret cemetary
 Fer the barthrights of our race;
 They jest want this Californy
 So's to lug new slave-states in
 To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
 An' to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee
 Take such everlastin' pains,
 All to get the Devil's thankee
 Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?

Wy, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,
 Clear ez one an' one make two,
 Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers
 Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
 Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
 Help the men thet's ollers dealin'
 Insults on your fathers' graves;
 Help the strong to grind the feeble,
 Help the many agin the few,
 Help the men thet call your people
 Whitewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew!

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
 She's akneelin' with the rest,
 She, thet ough' to ha' clung ferever
 In her grand old eagle-nest;
 She thet ough' to stand so fearless
 W'ile the wracks are round her hurled,
 Holdin' up a beacon peerless
 To the oppressed of all the world!

Ef I'd *my* way I hed ruther
 We should go to work an' part,
 They take one way, we take t'other,
 Guess it wouldn't break my heart;
 Man hed ough' to put asunder
 Them thet God has noways jined;
 An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
 Ef there's thousands o' my mind.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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 Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

[*On the battle of Buena Vista, February 22-23, 1847.*]

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long our stout old chieftain knew
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept,
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.

Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your story be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

THE VOLUNTEERS

[The war was bitterly contested, but brief. Generals Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott won great laurels (and Taylor the Presidency in the next election), while the land resounded with the praises of the volunteer armies—peace being declared on February 2, 1848.]

The Volunteers! the Volunteers!
 I dream, as in the by-gone years,
 I hear again their stirring cheers,
 And see their banners shine,
 What time the yet unconquered North
 Pours to the wars her legions forth,
 For many a wrong to strike a blow
 With mailed hand at Mexico.

The Volunteers! Ah, where are they
 Who bade the hostile surges stay,
 When the black forts of Monterey
 Frowned on their dauntless line?
 When, undismayed amid the shock
 Of war, like Cerro Gordo's rocks,
 They stood, or rushed more madly on
 Than tropic tempest o'er San Juan?

On Angostura's crowded field
 Their shattered columns scorned to yield,
 And wildly yet defiance pealed
 Their flashing batteries' throats;
 And echoed then the rifle's crack,
 As deadly as when on the track
 Of flying foe; of yore, its voice
 Bade Orleans' dark-eyed girls rejoice.

Blent with the roar of guns and bombs
 How grandly from the dim past comes
 The roll of their victorious drums,
 Their bugle's joyous notes,

When over Mexico's proud towers,
And the fair valley's storied bowers,
Fit recompense of toil and scars,
In triumph waved their flag of stars.

Ah, comrades, of your own tried troop,
Whose honor ne'er to shame might stoop,
Of lion heart and eagle swoop,

But you alone remain;
On all the rest has fallen the hush
Of death; the men whose battle-rush
Was wild as sun-loosed torrent's flow
From Orizaba's crest of snow.

The Volunteers! the Volunteers!
God send us peace through all our years,
But if the cloud of war appears,

We'll see them once again.
From broad Ohio's peaceful side,
From where the Maumee pours its tide,
From storm-lashed Erie's wintry shore,
Shall spring the Volunteers once more.

WILLIAM HAYNES LYTLÉ.

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THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS

[Agitation as to Slavery or Freedom continued till January 29, 1860, when Kansas was admitted, Free, by popular vote.]

We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow:
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun!

We'll tread the prairie as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE EVE OF ELECTION

[October, 1858, while political issues were becoming more sharply defined, and the friends of freedom were hoping to restrict the slave power through the ballot.]

From gold to gray
 Our mild sweet day
 Of Indian summer fades too soon;
 But tenderly
 Above the sea
 Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire,
 The village spire
 Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
 The painted walls
 Whereon it falls
 Transfigured stand in marble trance!

O'er fallen leaves
 The west-wind grieves,
 Yet comes a seed-time round again;
 And morn shall see
 The State sown free
 With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street
 The shadows meet
 Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
 The moulds of fate
 That shape the State,
 And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see
 The powers that be;
 I stand by Empire's primal springs;
 And princes meet
 In every street,
 And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!

Hark! through the crowd
 The laugh runs loud,
 Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.
 God save the land,
 A careless hand
 May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon!

Shame from our hearts
 Unworthy arts,
 The fraud designed, the purpose dark;
 And smite away
 The hands we lay
 Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims
 And private aims,
 Reveal that august face of Truth,
 Whereto are given
 The age of heaven,
 The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice
 Of sovereign choice
 Swell the deep bass of duty done,
 And strike the key
 Of time to be,
 When God and man shall speak as one!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER

[On June 25, 1859, when Commodore Josiah Tatnall was American naval officer on the coast of China, England and France were at war with that country. The English fleet, seeking passage to Peking up the Pei-Ho River, had to leave their heavy vessels outside the bar. So did Tatnall, whose flagship was hauled off the bar by English boats. Both commanders ascended the river in small gun-boats. The shore batteries attacked the English; Tatnall went with boats' crews to help the English—"for," said he, "blood is thicker than water!"]

Ebb'd and flow'd the muddy Pei-Ho by the Gulf of
Pechi-Li,

Near its waters swung the yellow dragon-flag;
Past the batteries of China, looking westward we could
see

Lazy junks along the lazy river lag;
Villagers in near-by Ta-Kou toiled beneath their humble
star,

On the flats the ugly mud-fort lay and dreamed;
While the *Powhatan* swung slowly at her station by the
bar,

While the *Toey-Wan* with Tatnall onward steamed.

Lazy East and lazy river, fort of mud in lazy June,
English gunboats through the waters slowly fare,
With the dragon-flag scarce moving in the lazy afternoon
O'er the mud-heap storing venom in the glare.

We were on our way to Peking, to the Son of Heaven's
throne,

White with peace was all our mission to his court;
Peaceful, too, the English vessels on the turbid waters
strown,

Seeking passage up to Peking past the fort.

By the bar lay half the English, while the rest with gal-
lant Hope

Wrestled with the slipping ebb-tide up the stream;
They had cleared the Chinese irons, reached the doubled
chain and rope

Where the ugly mud-fort scowled upon their beam;—

Crash! the heavens split asunder with the thunder of the
fight

As the hateful dragon made its faith a mock;
Every cannon spat its perfidy, each casemate blazed its
spite,

Dashing down upon the English, shock on shock.

In his courage Rason perished, bold McKenna fought
and fell,

Scores were dying as they'd lived, like valiant men;
And the meteor flag that upward prayed to Heaven from
that hell

Wept below for those who ne'er should weep again.
Far away the English launches near the *Powhatan* swung
slow,

All despairing, useless, out of reach of war,
Saw their comrades in the battle, saw them reel beneath
the blow,

Lying helpless 'gainst the ebb-tide by the bar.

On the *Toey-Wan* stood Tattnall, Stephen Trenchard at
his side,—

"Old Man Tattnall," he who dared at Vera Cruz,—
Saw here, crippled by the cannon, saw there, throttled
by the tide,

Men of English blood and speech: Could he refuse?
"I'll be damned," says he to Trenchard, "if 'Old' Tatt-
nall's standing by

Seeing white men butchered here by such a foe!
Where's my barge? No side-arms, mind you! See the
English fight and die!

Blood is thicker, sir, than water. Let us go!"

Quick we man the barge, and quicker plunge into that
devil's-brew—

"An official call," and Tattnall went in state:
Trenchard's hurt, our flag in ribbons, and the lunging
boat shot through,

Hart, our coxswain, dies beneath the Chinese hate;

THE MORE PERFECT UNION 151

But the cheers those English give us as we gain their
Admiral's ship

Make the shattered barge and weary arms seem light—
Then the rare smile from "Old" Tattnall and Hope's
hearty word and grip,
Bleeding though he was, and brave in hell's despite.

Tattnall nods and we go forward, find a gun no longer
fought—

What is peace to us, when all its crew lie dead?
One bright English lad brings powder and a wounded
man brings shot,

And we scotch that Chinese dragon, tail and head.
Hands are shaken, faith is plighted, sounds our captain's
cheery call;

In a borrowed boat we speed us fast and far,
And the *Toey-Wan* and Tattnall down the ebb-tide slide
and fall

To the launches lying moaning by the bar.

Eager for an English vengeance, battle light on every
face,

See, the Clustered Stars lead on the Triple Cross!
Cheering, swinging into action, valiant Hope takes heart
of grace

From the cannons' cloudy roar, the lanyards' toss.
How they fought, those fighting English! how they
cheered the *Toey-Wan*,

Cheered our sailors, cheered "Old" Tattnall, grim and
gray!

And their cheers ring down the ages as they rang beneath
the sun

O'er those bubbling, troubled waters far away.

Ebbs and flows the muddy Pei-Ho by the Gulf of
Pechi-Li,

Idly floats beside the stream the dragon-flag;
Past the batteries of China, looking westward still you
see

Lazy junks along the lazy river lag.

152 THE MORE PERFECT UNION

Let the long, long years drop slowly on that lost and
ancient land,

Ever dear one scene to hearts of gallant men:

There's a hand-clasp and a heart-throb, there 's a word
we understand—

“Blood is thicker, sir, than water,” now as then.

WALLACE RICE.

By kind permission of the Author.

GLORY HALLELUJAH! OR JOHN BROWN'S
BODY

[Foremost fighters against the Kansas Pro-Slavery men were John Brown and his sons, who had suffered much from them. "Free Kansas" was not enough for Brown, and on October 19, 1859, he undertook a negro uprising in Virginia, and with a small force captured Harper's Ferry on the Potomac in that State. He was promptly overcome, imprisoned, tried, and hanged for "treason and murder." A sincere fanatic, he was cursed by the South; and, although not justified by the North, between the ensuing passions of Secession and Loyalty he became a traditional hero, and his name in a crude song was a rallying cry for millions of marching Union men.]

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
His soul is marching on!

Chorus—Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
His soul is marching on.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back.
His soul is marching on.

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
And they'll go marching on.

They'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
As they go marching on.

Now for the Union let's give three rousing cheers,
As we go marching on.

Hip, hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!

CHARLES SPRAGUE HALL.

IV

SECESSION OR UNION PRESERVED?

THE UNION

FROM "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP"

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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THE PEOPLE'S MAN

FROM "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

[During the years of political strife Anti-Slavery sentiment grew rapidly in the North. In 1856 opponents of Democratic policies organized the Republican party, based on keeping slavery out of new territories. Their first presidential candidate was Colonel John C. Frémont, the famous explorer, who was defeated by James Buchanan, Democrat. In 1860, however, the Republicans elected Abraham Lincoln.]

Cool should he be, of balanced powers,
The ruler of a race like ours,
Impatient, headstrong, wild;
The man to guide the Child.

And this he was, who most unfit
(So hard the sense of God to hit,)
Did seem to fit his place
With such a homely face.

Such rustic manners, speech uncouth,
(That somehow blundered out the truth),
Untried, untrained to bear
The more than kingly care.

Ah! and his genius put to scorn
The proudest in the purple born,
Whose wisdom never grew
To what, untaught, he knew,

The People, of whom he was one;
No gentleman, like Washington,
(Whose bones, methinks, make room
To have him in their tomb!)

A laboring man, with horny hands,
Who swung the axe, who tilled his lands,
Who shrank from nothing new,
But did as poor men do.

One of the People! Born to be
 Their curious epitome;
 To share, yet rise above
 Their shifting hate and love.

Common his mind (it seemed so then),
 His thoughts the thoughts of other men:
 Plain were his words, and poor,
 But now they will endure!

No hasty fool, of stubborn will,
 But prudent, cautious, pliant still;
 Who since his work was good
 Would do it as he could.

Doubting, was not ashamed to doubt,
 And, lacking prescience, went without;
 Often appeared to halt,
 And was, of course, at fault.

Heard all opinions, nothing loath,
 And, loving both sides, angered both:
 Was—*not* like Justice, blind,
 But watchful, clement, kind.

No hero this of Roman mould
 Nor like our stately sires of old:
 Perhaps he was not great,
 But he preserved the State!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

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 Sons.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER
CAROLINE

[*Leading Southerners in Washington—Cabinet members, Senators, Congressmen, etc.—concerted prompt action if Lincoln should be elected President in November, 1860. Headed by Senator Jefferson Davis, all promptly resigned; December 20, South Carolina formally seceded, seizing Government forts, arsenals, etc., in Charleston; other States followed her example; February 4, 1861, a Confederate Congress met and elected Jefferson Davis President of their Confederacy, and in his inaugural he gently said, "All we ask is to be let alone." At first the North replied with words.*]

She has gone,—she has left us in passion and pride,—
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!
She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,
And turned on her brother the face of a foe!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts have been one,—
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;
But we said: "She is hasty,—she does not mean much."
We have scowled when you uttered some turbulent
threat;
But Friendship still whispered: "Forgive and forget."

Has our love all died out? Have its altars grown cold?
Has the curse come at last which the fathers foretold?
Then Nature must teach us the strength of the chain
That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with their
spoil,—
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,
Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their
caves,
And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the waves:

In vain is the strife! When its fury is past,
 Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,
 As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow
 Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky;
 Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die!
 Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
 The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
 There are battles with fate that can never be won!
 The star-flowering banner must never be furled,
 For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world!

Go, then, our rash sister, afar and aloof,—
 Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;
 But when your heart aches and your feet have grown
 sore,
 Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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 Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers.

THE OLD COVE

[*Jefferson's Davis's pathetic appeal—"All we ask is to be let alone."*]

As vonce I walkd by a dismal svamp,
There sot an Old Cove in the dark and damp,
And at everybody as passed that road
A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed.
And venever he flung his stick or his stone,
He'd set up a song of "Let me alone."

"Let me alone, for I loves to shy
These bits of things at the passers-by—
Let me alone, for I've got your tin
And lots of other traps snugly in;—
Let me alone, I'm riggin' a boat
To grab votever you've got afloat;—
In a veek or so I expects to come
And turn you out of your 'ouse and 'ome;—
I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he, with a groan:
"All I axes is—Let me alone."

Just then came along on the self-same vay,
Another Old Cove, and began for to say—
"Let you alone! That's comin' it strong!—
You've *ben* let alone a darned sight too long;—
Of all the sarce that ever I heerd!
Put down that stick! (You may well look skeered.)
Let go that stone! If you once show fight,
I'll knock you higher than ary kite.
You must hev a lesson to stop your tricks,
And cure you of shying them stones and sticks,—
And I'll hev my hardware back and my cash,
And knock your scow into tarnal smash,
And if ever I catches you round my ranch,
I'll string you up to the nearest branch,

"The best you can do is to go to bed,
And keep a decent tongue in your head;
For I reckon, before you and I are done,
You'll wish you had left honest folks alone."
The Old Cove stopped, and t'other Old Cove
He sot quite still in his cypress grove,
And he looked at his stick revolvin' slow
Whether 't were safe to shy it or no,—
And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,
"All that I axed vos, *let me alone.*"

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

SUMTER

[On April 12, 1861, a Southern army of thousands, in Charleston, besieged the United States Fort Sumter, with a little garrison commanded by Major Robert Anderson, who, on the 14th, ammunition exhausted by their gallant fight, surrendered and marched out with their colors. The South was wild with joy. But the Flag of the Union had been attacked, and the people of the North were aflame. War was on!]

Came the morning of that day
 When the God to whom we pray
 Gave the soul of Henry Clay
 To the land;
 How we loved him, living, dying!
 But his birthday banners flying
 Saw us asking and replying
 Hand to hand.

For we knew that far away,
 Round the fort in Charleston Bay,
 Hung the dark impending fray,
 Soon to fall;
 And that Sumter's brave defender
 Had the summons to surrender
 Seventy loyal hearts and tender—
 (Those were all!)

And we knew the April sun
 Lit the length of many a gun—
 Hosts of batteries to the one
 Island crag;
 Guns and mortars grimly frowning,
 Johnson, Moultrie, Pinckney, crowning,
 And ten thousand men disowning
 The old flag.

Oh, the fury of the fight
 Even then was at its height!
 Yet no breath, from noon till night,
 Reached us here;
 We had almost ceased to wonder,
 And the day had faded under,
 When the echo of the thunder
 Filled each ear!

Then our hearts more fiercely beat,
 As we crowded on the street,
 Hot to gather and repeat
 All the tale;
 All the doubtful chances turning,
 Till our souls with shame were burning,
 As if twice our bitter yearning
 Could avail!

Who had fired the earliest gun?
 Was the fort by traitors won?
 Was there succor? What was done
 Who could know?
 And once more our thoughts would wander
 To the gallant, lone commander,
 On his battered ramparts grander
 Than the foe.

Not too long the brave shall wait:
 On their own heads be their fate,
 Who against the hallowed State
 Dare begin;
 Flag defied and compact riven!
 In the record of high Heaven
 How shall Southern men be shriven
 For the sin!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

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MEN OF THE NORTH AND WEST

(APRIL, 1861)

Men of the North and West,
 Wake in your might.
 Prepare, as the rebels have done,
 For the fight!
 You cannot shrink from the test;
 Rise! Men of the North and West!

They have torn down your banner of stars;
 They have trampled the laws;
 They have stifled the freedom they hate,
 For no cause!
 Do you love 't or slavery best?
 Speak! Men of the North and West!

They strike at the life of the State;
 Shall the murder be done?
 They cry "We are two!" and you?
 "We are one!"
 You must meet them then, breast to breast!
 On! Men of the North and West!

Not with words; they laugh them to scorn;
 And tears they despise;
 But with swords in your hands, and death
 In your eyes!
 Strike home! Leave to God all the rest;
 Strike! Men of the North and West!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

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 Sons.

DIXIE

[Based on a popular negro minstrel song, by Daniel D. Emmett, an Ohio actor and song-writer, voicing the longing of a slave to be back "In Dixie Land whar I was born in." The stirring strains of the tune, and the refrain, "In Dixie Land I'll take my stand, to lib an' die in Dixie," were skillfully used to make the new song a vital inspiration to the South during the war.]

Southrons, hear your country call you!
 Up, lest worse than death befall you!
 To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
 Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted,—
 Let all hearts be now united!
 To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
 Advance the flag of Dixie!
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 For Dixie's land we take our stand,
 And live and die for Dixie!
 To arms! To arms!
 And conquer peace for Dixie!
 To arms! To arms!
 And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
 Northern flags in South winds flutter!
 Send them back your fierce defiance!
 Stamp upon the accursed alliance!

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!
 Lift up rifle, pike and saber!
 Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
 Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices
 At your cannons' ringing voices!
 For faith betrayed, and pledges broken,
 Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
 Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
 Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
 Let them hence each other plunder!

Swear upon your country's altar
 Never to submit or falter,
 Till the spoilers are defeated,
 Till the Lord's work is completed!

Halt not till our Federation
 Secures among earth's powers its station!
 Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
 Hear your children tell the story!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
 Victory soon shall bring them gladness,—
 To arms!

Exultant pride soon vanish sorrow;
 Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.
 To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
 Advance the flag of Dixie!
 Hurrah! hurrah!

For Dixie's land we take our stand,
 And live or die for Dixie!
 To arms! To arms!
 And conquer peace for Dixie!
 To arms! To arms!
 And conquer peace for Dixie!

ALBERT PIKE.

MY MARYLAND

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
 Maryland!
 His torch is at thy temple door,
 Maryland!
 Avenge the patriotic gore
 That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
 And be the battle-queen of yore,
 Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
 Maryland!
 My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
 Maryland!
 For life and death, for woe and weal,
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
 Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
 Maryland!
 Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
 Maryland!
 Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
 Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
 And all thy slumberers with the just,
 Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 't is the red dawn of the day,
 Maryland!
 Come with thy panoplied array,
 Maryland!
 With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
 With Watson's blood at Monterey,
 With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
 Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain,—
"Sic semper!" 't is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!

Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!

For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!

Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!

The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll
come!

Maryland, my Maryland!

JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM

[This song and its tune were composed in 1861 by a trained musician, organist, singer, and Doctor of Music (University of Chicago). There are many tales of its inspiring influence at critical moments, both on individuals, crowds, and troops.]

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once
again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the
plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

CHORUS

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah! Down with
the traitor, up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen
more,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and
brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
And altho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the
West,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the
best,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

GEORGE FREDERICK ROOT.

MANASSAS

[The first notable battle of the Civil War was at Bull Run, Virginia (or Manassas, as the Confederates called it), on July 21, 1861, when the Union Army were routed. This caused high joy at the South, and great depression at the North—from which latter wholesome condition came a fine rebound. A new army of 150,000 was raised, organized under General George B. McClellan, and arrayed along the Potomac River.]

They have met at last—as storm-clouds
 Meet in heaven,
 And the Northmen back and bleeding
 Have been driven;
 And their thunders have been stilled,
 And their leaders crushed or killed,
 And their ranks with terror thrilled,
 Rent and riven!

Like the leaves of Vallambrosa
 They are lying;
 In the moonlight, in the midnight,
 Dead and dying;
 Like those leaves before the gale,
 Swept their legions, wild and pale;
 While the host that made them quail
 Stood, defying.

When aloft in morning sunlight
 Flags were flaunted,
 And “swift vengeance on the rebel”
 Proudly vaunted:
 Little did they think that night
 Should close upon their shameful flight,
 And rebels, victors in the fight,
 Stand undaunted.

But peace to those who perished
In our passes!
Light be the earth above them;
Green the grasses!
Long shall Northmen rue the day
When they met our stern array,
And shrunk from battle's wild affray
At Manassas.

CATHERINE M. WARFIELD.

From "Poems of American History," by permission of Burton
E. Stevenson, Editor.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE

[On July 2, 1862, finding that General McClellan had fought much and gained little, while losing 75,000 men, President Lincoln called for a new army of 300,000 volunteers—and got it.]

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand
more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New Eng-
land's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and
children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand
more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern
sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave
music pour:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand
more!

If you look all up our valleys where the growing harvests
shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into
line;
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at
the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's
needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage
door:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand
more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's
bloody tide
To lay us down, 'for Freedom's sake, our brothers' bones
beside,
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the mur-
derous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone
before:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand
more!

JAMES SLOAN GIBBONS.¹

¹ A Quaker Abolitionist, and New York banker.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

[A happy outgrowth of the John Brown song came in December, 1861. The wife of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, then in Washington, hearing it sung by marching men, was urged by Dr. James Freeman Clarke to "write good words for that stirring tune—words worthy of it." The words came to her in the night. James T. Fields, then editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," gave them the title, and the Nation had gained a noble anthem.]

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
sword;

His truth is marching on.

Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps.

His day is marching on.

I have read His fiery gospel, writ in rows of burnished
steel;
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace
shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
heel,"

Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;

He is searching out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;

O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,

While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

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Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers.

TO JOHN C. FRÉMONT

[Commanding the Western Department, headquarters at St. Louis, the State and city seething with Secessionism. Unionists discouraged, troops few—Frémont called for volunteers, and thousands came from nearby States. A prompt "Pathfinder," on August 12, 1861, he proclaimed martial law in Missouri, with confiscation of property and freeing of the slaves of Secessionists. Despite enthusiasm at the North, President Lincoln, fearing its effects on the Border States, annulled the provision as to slaves.]

Thy error, Frémont, simply was to act
 A brave man's part, without the statesman's tact,
 And, taking counsel but of common sense,
 To strike at cause as well as consequence.
 O, never yet since Roland wound his horn
 At Roncesvalles has a blast been blown
 Far-heard, wide-echoed, startling as thine own,
 Heard from the van of freedom's hope forlorn!
 It had been safer, doubtless, for the time,
 To flatter treason, and avoid offence
 To that Dark Power whose underlying crime
 Heaved upward its perpetual turbulence.
 But, if thine be the fate of all who break
 The ground for truth's seed, or forerun their years
 Till lost in distance, or with stout hearts wake
 A love for freedom through the level spears,
 Still take thou courage! God has spoken through thee,
 Irrevocable, the mighty words, Be Free!
 The land shakes with them, and the slave's dull ear
 Turns from the rice-swamp stealthily to hear.
 Who would recall them now must first arrest
 The winds that blow down from the free Northwest,
 Ruffling the Gulf; or like a scroll roll back
 The Mississippi to its upper springs.
 Such words fulfill their prophecy, and lack
 But the full time to harden into things.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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CAVALRY SONG

Our bugles sound gayly. To horse and away!
 And over the mountains breaks the day;
 Then ho! brothers ho! for the ride or the fight,
 There are deeds to be done ere we slumber to-night.

Then mount and away! Let the coward delight
 To be lazy all day and safe all night;
 Our joy is a charger, flecked with foam,
 The earth is our bed and the saddle our home.

See yonder the ranks of the traitorous foe,
 And bright in the sunshine bayonets glow!
 Breathe a prayer, but no sigh; think for what you would
 fight;
 Then charge! with a will, boys, and God for the right.

We have gathered again the red laurels of war;
 We have followed the foemen fast and far;
 But some who rose gayly this morn with the sun
 Lie bleeding and pale on the field they have won.

*And whether we fight or whether we fall
 By saber-stroke or rifle-ball,
 The hearts of the free will remember us yet,
 And our country, our country will never forget.*

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

By courtesy of Mrs. R. W. Raymond.

THE SWORD-BEARER

[*Dismay fell upon the North when in the bay of Hampton Roads, Virginia, on March 9, 1862, the iron-clad Confederate ram "Merrimac"—a new feature in naval war—rammed and sunk the "Cumberland," disabled the "Congress," and dispersed the three other Union war vessels. Captain George Upham Morris commanded the "Cumberland."*]

Brave Morris saw the day was lost:
 For nothing now remained
 Of the wrecked and sinking *Cumberland*
 But to save the flag unstained.

So he swore an oath in the sight of heaven—
 (If he kept it the world can tell!)
 "Before I strike to a rebel flag,
 I'll sink to the gates of hell!

"Here, take my sword; 't is in my way;
 I shall trip o'er the useless steel;
 For I'll meet the lot that falls to all,
 With my shoulder at the wheel."

So the little negro took the sword,
 And oh, with what reverent care!
 Following his master step by step,
 He bore it here and there.

A thought had crept through his sluggish brain,
 And shone in his dusky face,
 That somehow—he could not tell just how—
 'T was the sword of his trampled race.

And as Morris, great with his lion heart,
 Rushed onward from gun to gun,
 The little negro slid after him
 Like a shadow in the sun.

But something of pomp and of curious pride
 The sable creature wore,
 Which at any time but a time like that
 Would have made the ship's crew roar.

Over the wounded, dying, and dead,
 Like an usher of the rod,
 The black page, full of his mighty trust,
 With dainty caution trod.

No heed he gave to the flying ball,
 No heed to the bursting shell;
 His duty was something more than life,
 And he strove to do it well.

Down with our starry flag apeak,
 In the whirling sea we sank;
 And captain and crew and the sword-bearer
 Were washed from the bloody plank.

They picked us up from the hungry waves—
 Alas, not all! And where,
 Where is the faithful negro lad?
 "Back oars! avast! look there!"

We looked, and as heaven may save my soul,
 I pledge you a sailor's word,
 There, fathoms deep in the sea he lay,
 Still grasping his master's sword.

We drew him out; and many an hour
 We wrought with his rigid form
 Ere the almost smothered spark of life
 By slow degrees grew warm.

The first dull glance that his eyeballs rolled
 Was down toward his shrunken hand;
 And he smiled, and closed his eyes again,
 As they fell on the rescued brand.

And no one touched the sacred sword,
Till at length, when Morris came,
The little negro stretched it out
With his eager eyes aflame.

And if Morris wrung the poor boy's hand,
And his words seemed hard to speak,
And tears ran down his manly cheeks,
What tongue shall call him weak?

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

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and the courtesy of Mrs. George Boker.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

[General Philip Kearny, killed at the battle of Chantilly, Va., on September 1, 1862, through mistakenly riding into the enemy's lines.]

Close his eyes; his work is done!
 What to him is friend or foeman,
 Rise of moon, or set of sun,
 Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavor;
 Let him sleep in solemn night,
 Sleep forever and forever.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley;
 What to him are all our wars,
 What but Death bemocking Folly?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
 Trust him to the hand that made him,
 Mortal love weeps idly by:
 God alone has power to aid him.

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

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of Mrs. George Boker.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

[A tradition of September, 1862]

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustering spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
At noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with four-score years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the flag she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced—the old flag met his sight;

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“Fire!”—outblazed the rifle blast;

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched at the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill
And shook it forth with a royal will:

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
Over the face of the leader came;

The noble nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word:

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick’s street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
 Stir up the camp-fire bright;
 No growling if the canteen fails,
 We'll make a roaring night.
 Here Shenandoah brawls along,
 There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
 To swell the Brigade's rousing song
 Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the queer slouched hat
 Cocked o'er his eye askew;
 The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
 So calm, so blunt, so true.
 The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;
 Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of shell;
 Lord save his soul! we'll give him—" well!
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
 Old Massa's goin' to pray.
 Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
 Attention! it's his way.
 Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God:
 "Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy rod!
 Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
 Steady! the whole brigade!
 Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
 His way out, ball and blade!
 What matter if our shoes are worn?
 What matter if our feet are torn?
 "Quick step! we're with him before morn!"
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
 Of morning, and, by George!
 Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
 Pope and his Dutchmen, whipped before;
 "Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
 "Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
 In "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah! Maiden, wait and watch and yearn
 For news of Stonewall's band!
 Ah! Widow, read, with eyes that burn,
 That ring upon thy hand.
 Ah! Wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
 The foe had better ne'er been born
 That gets in "Stonewall's way."

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

From "For Charlie's Sake and Other Poems" (Copyright, 1901),
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BOSTON HYMN

[Sensing the growing popular Northern demand for emancipation, to cripple the South, President Lincoln (when McClellan's victory at Antietam, September 10-17, gave him a good basis), on September 22, 1862, proclaimed freedom to slaves in all States continuing in rebellion on January 1, 1863. On the latter date, rebellion still in activity, as commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the United States, he issued a final proclamation of "a fit and necessary war-measure" for suppressing the rebellion, confirming the earlier document and specifying the States wherein it should take effect.]

The word of the Lord by night
 To the watching Pilgrims came,
 As they sat by the seaside,
 And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,
 I suffer them no more;
 Up to my ear the morning brings
 The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
 A field of havoc and war,
 Where tyrants great and small
 Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom—
 Choose him to be your king;
 He shall cut pathways east and west,
 And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land,
 Which I hid of old time in the West,
 As the sculptor uncovers the statue
 When he has wrought his best;

I show Columbia, of the rocks
 Which dip their foot in the seas,
 And soar to the air-borne flocks
 Of clouds and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods ;
 Call in the wretch and slave ;
 None shall rule but the humble,
 And none but Toil shall have.

I will never have a noble,
 No lineage counted great ;
 Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
 Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest
 And trim the straightest boughs ;
 Cut down trees in the forest
 And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
 The young men and the sires,
 The digger in the harvest-field,
 Hireling and him that hires ;

And here in a pine state-house
 They shall choose men to rule
 In every needful faculty,
 In church and state and school.

Lo, now ! if these poor men
 Can govern the land and sea,
 And make just laws below the sun,
 As planets faithful be ;

And ye shall succor men ;
 'Tis nobleness to serve ;
 Help them who cannot help again ;
 Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
 And I unchain the slave :
 Free be his heart and hand henceforth
 As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
 His proper good to flow;
 As much as he is and doeth,
 So much he shall bestow.

But, laying hands on another,
 To coin his labor and sweat,
 He goes in pawn to his victim
 For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,
 So only are ye unbound;
 Lift up a people from the dust,
 Trump of their rescue, sound!

Pay ransom to the owner
 And fill the bag to the brim.
 Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
 And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags,
 And honor, O South! for his shame;
 Nevada! coin thy golden crags
 With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
 That sat in darkness long,—
 Be swift their feet as antelopes,
 And as behemoth strong.

Come, East and West and North,
 By races, as snowflakes,
 And carry my purpose forth,
 Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
 For, in daylight or in dark,
 My thunderbolt has eyes to see
 His way home to the mark.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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KEENAN'S CHARGE

[Battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863, Lee and Hooker, commanders. Stonewall Jackson's flank attack was checked by Major Peter Keenan's cavalry charge, until artillery could form and repel it.]

The sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet,—
Down fell a bloody dusk
Where "Stonewall's" corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"
Rose from our flank a voice.
With rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love, and wild as hate;
And our line reeled and broke;

Broke and fled.
No one stayed,—but the dead!
With curses, shrieks and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope, still,—
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel" ('mid the roar),
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
A bugle rings "Trot!"—and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rose a form
Calmly in front of the human storm.
With a stern commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"

(We knew it was Pleasanton's.)

The cannoneers bent to obey,

And worked with a will at his word,

And the black guns moved as if they had heard.

But, ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime ;

O God, for ten minutes' time!"

The general looked around,

There Keenan sat, like a stone,

With his three hundred horse alone,

Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"

"Are soldiers, General." "Then,

Charge, Major. Do your best ;

Hold the enemy back, at all cost,

Till my guns are placed ;—else the army is lost.

You die to save the rest!"

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies

Brave Keenan looked into Pleasanton's eyes

For an instant,—clear, and cool, and still ;

Then, with a smile, he said : "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.

Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,

Rose joyously, with a willing breath,—

Rose like a greeting hail to death.

Then forward they sprang, and spurred, and clashed ;

Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed ;

Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,

In their faded coats of the blue and yellow ;

And above in the air, with an instinct true,

Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
 And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
 And strong brown faces bravely pale
 For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
 Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
 On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
 To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;
 Rode in and sabered and shot,—and fell;
 Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
 And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall,
 In the gloom like a martyr awaiting his fall,
 While the circle-stroke of his saber, swung
 'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.

Line after line—ay, whole platoons,
 Struck dead in their saddles—of brave dragoons,
 By the maddened horses were onward borne,
 And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
 As Keenan fought with his men, side by side,
 So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
 What deep echo rolls?—'Tis a death-salute
 From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
 Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

Over them now—year following year—
 Over their graves the pine cones fall,
 And the whippoorwill chants his specter-call;
 But they stir not again, they raise no cheer;
 They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
 Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
 The rush of their charge is resounding still
 That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

From "Dreams and Days," by permission of the Publishers,
 Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

In the prison cell I sit,
 Thinking, Mother, dear, of you,
 And our bright and happy home so far away.
 And the tears they fill my eyes,
 Spite of all that I can do,
 Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS:

*Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
 Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
 And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again
 Of freedom in our own beloved home.*

In the battle front we stood
 When the fiercest charge they made
 And they swept us off a hundred men or more.
 But before one reached their lines
 They were beaten back dismayed
 And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

So within the prison cell
 We are waiting for the day
 That shall come to open wide the iron door,
 And the hollow eye grows bright,
 And the poor heart almost gay,
 As we think of seeing friends and home once more.

*Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
 Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
 And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again
 Of freedom in our own beloved home.*

ANONYMOUS.

THE BLACK REGIMENT

[The First and Second Louisiana Native Guards, at siege of Port Hudson on the Mississippi, May 27, 1863.]

Dark as the cloud of even,
 Ranked in the western heaven,
 Waiting the breath that lifts
 All the dead mass, and drifts
 Tempest and falling brand
 Over a ruined land,—
 So still and orderly,
 Arm to arm, knee to knee,
 Waiting the great event,
 Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
 Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
 And the bright bayonet,
 Bristling and firmly set,
 Flashed with purpose grand,
 Long ere the sharp command
 Of the fierce rolling drum
 Told them their time had come,
 Told them what work was sent
 For the black regiment.

"Now!" the flag sergeant cried,
 "Though death and hell betide,
 Let the whole nation see
 If we are fit to be
 Free in this land; or bound
 Down, like the whining hound,—
 Bound with red stripes of pain
 In our cold chains again!"
 Oh, what a shout there went
 From the black regiment!

"Charge!" trump and drum awoke;
 Onward the bondsmen broke;
 Bayonet and saber-stroke
 Vainly opposed their rush.
 Through the wild battle's crush,
 With but one thought aflush,
 Driving their lords like chaff,
 In the gun's mouth they laugh;
 Or at the slippery brands,
 Leaping with open hands,
 Down they tear man and horse,
 Down in their awful course;
 Trampling with bloody heel
 Over the crushing steel,—
 All their eyes forward bent,
 Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry,—
 "Freedom! or leave to die!"
 Ah, and they meant the word!
 Not as with us 'tis heard,—
 Not a mere party shout;
 They gave their spirits out,
 Trusting the end to God,
 And on the gory sod
 Rolled in triumphant blood.
 Glad to strike one free blow,
 Whether for weal or woe;
 Glad to breathe one free breath,
 Though on the lips of death;
 Praying—alas, in vain!—
 That they might fall again,
 So they could once more see
 That burst to liberty!
 This was what "freedom" lent
 To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
 But they are resting well;

Scourges, and shackles strong,
Never shall do them wrong.
Oh, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment!

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

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and the courtesy of Mrs. George Boker.

MUSIC IN CAMP

[Winter quarters, 1863.]

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks;
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the land,
With movement light and tricky,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause; and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" has stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Thus memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simple numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines—
That bright celestial creature—
Who still 'mid War's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of Nature.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

200 SECESSION OR UNION PRESERVED?

The summer day grew cold and late.

He went for the cows when the work was done;

But down the lane, as he opened the gate,

He saw them coming, one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,

Shaking their horns in the evening wind;

Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,—

But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air

The empty sleeve of army blue;

And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,

Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,

And yield their dead unto life again;

And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn

In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;

For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;

And under the silent evening skies,

Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

From *Harper's Magazine*, March, 1865, by permission of Harper & Brothers.

GETTYSBURG

[Lee's bold incursion through the Shenandoah Valley, across the Potomac into Pennsylvania, his advance to Gettysburg, where he met the Union forces under Gen. George G. Meade hastening to confront him, and the unexampled fierceness of the three days' battle (July 1, 2 and 3, 1863), have remained probably the most famous conflict of the war—resulting in Lee's repulse and retreat, freeing Northern soil from the terrors of invasion.]

Fair was the sight that peaceful July day
And sweet the air with scent of new mown hay,
And Gettysburg's devoted plain serene
Resplendent shone with waves of emerald green.

The western heights, where close embowered stood
The sacred shrine, near hidden in the wood,
Recked not of war, but echoed with the tread
Of God's meek messengers of peace, who led
The thoughts from earthly things to things above,
And taught the wayward heart that God is love;
While far across wide fields of golden grain
Another ridge uprose from out the plain;
And in its bosom, freed from earthly woes,
The dead of ages lie in calm repose.

Two bloody days across the stricken field,
Two angry hordes in ghastly combat reeled;
And welcome night its dusky mantle threw
In pitying love to hide the scene from view.

Again the bugle with its piercing call
Awoke the soldier from deep slumber's thrall;
With anxious waiting, nerved by conscious power,
All stood impatient through the morning hour,
Till from the throats of every shotted gun
The smoke of hell obscured the blazing sun;
Then silence deep, and every soldier knew
The charge was near, and tight his buckle drew.

Lo! from their midst a stern command, and then
 The quick advance of twenty thousand men;
 A solid line of veterans clad in gray,
 With iron nerves and earnest for the fray.

In thought a new-born nation rose to sight,
 With "stars and bars" unfurled in glorious light.
 On, on, they came, nor faltered in their tread,
 Each man a hero—giants at their head.
 We stood amazed at courage so sublime,
 No braver record on the page of time.

With bristling bayonets glistening in the sun,
 The stubborn ranks, inspired by victories won,
 Pressed grimly on, unmindful of the storm
 Of shot and shell that felled full many a form;
 The maddened roar of angry cannon massed
 Rocked the red field as if an earthquake passed.

Still on they come; the gaps they quickly close;
 "Now steady, men!" and from our ranks there rose
 A mighty cry, and thick the leaden hail
 Fell on the wavering lines. "See! now they quail!"
 "Strike! strike! for freedom and your native land!"
 And bayonets clashed in conflicts hand to hand!
 Oh, fierce the struggle: but they break! they fly!
 And God to freedom gives the victory.

HORATIO COLLINS KING.

By courtesy of Mrs. H. C. King.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

[July 3, 1863]

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
 The gathering battle's smoky shield;
 Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
 And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
 And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then, at the brief command of Lee,
 Moved out that matchless infantry,
 With Pickett leading grandly down,
 To rush against the roaring crown
 Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns,
 A cry across the tumult runs,—
 The voice that rang through Shiloh's wood,
 And Chickamauga's solitudes,
 The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
 Against the front of Pettigrew!
 A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed,
 Like that infernal flame that fringed
 The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
 A thousand died where Garnett bled;
 In blinding flame and strangling smoke,
 The remnant through the batteries broke,
 And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
 Virginia cried to Tennessee:
 "We two together, come what may,
 Shall stand upon those works to-day!"
 The reddest day in history.

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
 Virginia heard her comrade say:
 "Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
 What time she set her battle flag
 Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
 Before the awful face of Fate?

The tattered standards of the South
 Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
 And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessean set
 His breast against the bayonet;
 In vain Virginia charged and raged,
 A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
 Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
 Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
 Receding through the battle-cloud,
 And heard across the tempest loud
 The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
 They leaped to Ruin's red embrace;
 They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
 And saw the dazzling sunburst break
 In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
 And bade the sun in heaven to stand;
 They smote and fell, who set the bars
 Against the progress of the stars,
 And stayed the march of Motherland.

They stood, who saw the future come
 On through the fight's delirium;
 They smote and stood, who held the hope
 Of nations on that slippery slope,
 Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill!
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement,
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears,
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

WILL HENRY THOMPSON.

By courtesy of the Author and permission of the Century Company.

BEFORE VICKSBURG

[Grant's siege of Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, at which Sherman was his mighty right hand, from May 18 to July 3, 1863—the surrender capping the great Gettysburg victory on the same day—was a wonderful season of brave deeds, both for besieged and besiegers.]

While Sherman stood beneath the hottest fire,
 That from the lines of Vicksburg gleamed,
 And bomb-shells tumbled in their smoky gyre,
 And grape-shot hissed, and case-shot screamed;
 Back from the front there came,
 Weeping and sorely lame,
 The merest child, the youngest face
 Man ever saw in such a fearful place.

Stifling his tears, he limped his chief to meet;
 But when he paused, and tottering stood,
 Around the circle of his little feet
 There spread a pool of bright, young blood.
 Shocked at his doleful case,
 Sherman cried: "Halt! front face!
 Who are you? Speak, my gallant boy!"
 "A drummer, sir:—Fifty-fifth Illinois."

"Are you not hit?" "That's nothing. Only send
 Some cartridges; our men are out;
 And the foe press us." "But, my little friend—"
 "Don't mind me! Did you hear that shout?
 What if our men be driven?
 Oh, for the love of Heaven,
 Send to my Colonel, General dear!"
 "But you?" "Oh, I shall easily find the rear."

"I'll see to that," cried Sherman; and a drop,
Angels might envy, dimmed his eye,
As the boy, toiling towards the hill's hard top,
Turned round, and with his shrill child's cry
Shouted, "Oh, don't forget!
We'll win the battle yet!
But let our soldiers have some more,
More cartridges, sir—caliber fifty-four!"

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

By permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company, and the courtesy
of Mrs. George Boker.

PUT IT THROUGH

[The year 1863 had brought notable advance for the Unionists; but it was a weary task to win against a brave and stubborn foe, and words of cheer to its completion came in timely season, early in 1864.]

Come, Freeman of the land,
 Come, meet the last demand,—
 Here's a piece of work in hand;
 Put it through!
 Here's a log across the way,
 We have stumbled on all day;
 Here's a ploughshare in the clay,—
 Put it through!

Here's a country that's half free,
 And it waits for you and me
 To say what its fate shall be;
 Put it through!
 While one traitor thought remains,
 While one spot its banner stains,
 One link of all its chains,—
 Put it through!

Hear our brothers in the field,
 Steel your swords as theirs are steeled,
 Learn to wield the arms they wield,—
 Put it through!
 Lock the shop and lock the store,
 And chalk this upon the door,—
 "We've enlisted for the war!"
 Put it through!

For the birthrights yet unsold,
 For the history yet untold,
 For the future yet unrolled,
 Put it through!

Lest our children point with shame
On the father's dastard fame,
Who gave up a nation's name,
Put it through!

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

By permission of Messrs. Little, Brown & Company.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

[After Grant was given command of all the armies (March, 1864), he began his advance on Richmond, and sent Sherman to capture Atlanta—done, after severe campaigning and siege, by September 2. Then Sherman planned to march across Georgia and to capture important parts of the seaboard: duly accomplished, Savannah and Charleston falling before him. The song celebrating this was made and tune composed by a popular young songwriter of Connecticut, who set up the words in type as he framed them. The tune has a swing that keeps it a favorite, whether for singing or marching.]

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus: "Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful
sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful
tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for
years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in
cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the
coast!"
So the saucy rebels said—and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon on a host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

HENRY CLAY WORK.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When Johnny comes marching home again,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
 The ladies they will all turn out,
 And we'll—all—feel—gay
 When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church-bell will peal with joy,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 To welcome home our darling boy,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 The village lads and lasses say
 With roses they will strew the way;
 And we'll—all—feel—gay
 When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee!
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 We'll give the hero three times three,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 The laurel wreath is ready now
 To place upon his loyal brow,
 And we'll—all—feel—gay
 When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Their choicest treasures then display,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 And let each one perform some part
 To fill with joy the warrior heart,
 And we'll—all—feel—gay
 When Johnny comes marching home.

PATRICK SARSFIELD GILMORE.

CRAVEN

[An incident of the battle of Mobile, on August 5, 1864, when Admiral Farragut drove his fleet in between two ranges of forts. The "Tecumseh," in the lead, was torpedoed, and sank with most of her crew. Captain T. A. M. Craven, her commander, with gallant courtesy, also went to his death, as told in the ballad.]

Over the turret, shut in his ironclad tower,
 Craven was conning his ship through smoke and flame :
 Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour.
 Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and grim,
 A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign ;
 There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim
 The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming : the monitor hung
 Beating the stream ; the roar for a moment hushed ;
 Craven spoke to the pilot ; slow she swung ;
 Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
 And the sunk torpedoed lying in treacherous rank ;
 She turned but a yard too short ; a muffled roar,
 A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and sank.

Over the manhole, up in the ironclad tower,
 Pilot and captain met as they turned to fly :
 The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour,
 For one could pass to be saved, and one must die.

They stood like men in a dream ; Craven spoke,—
 Spoke as he lived and fought, with a captain's pride :
 "After you, Pilot." The pilot woke,
 Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

All men praise the deed and the manner ; but we—

We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the proud,
The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,
The grace of the empty hands and promises loud ;

Sidney thirsting a humbler need to slake,

Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand,
Lucas crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,
Outram coveting right before command,

These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,

These with him shall be crowned in story and song,
Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,
Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud, and strong.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

By permission of the John Lane Company.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

[A second attempt by Lee to invade the North through the Shenandoah Valley was checked by General Philip Sheridan at Cedar Creek, September 19, 1864. Leaving his army at Cedar Creek, the General had hastened to Washington on a needful errand and returned to Winchester on October 18. Early next morning he heard the echoes of new fighting, rode swiftly to the field, and found his forces retreating—but rallied them to a full victory.]

Up from the South at break of day,
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
 Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
 The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
 Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
 Thundered along the horizon's bar;
 And louder yet into Winchester rolled
 The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
 Making the blood of the listener cold
 As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
 With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
 A good, broad highway, leading down;
 And there, through the flash of the morning light,
 A steed as black as the steeds of night
 Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;
 As if he knew the terrible need,
 He stretched away with his utmost speed;
 Hills rose and fell,—but his heart was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering
 South,

The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
 Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
 Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
 The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
 Were beating, like prisoners assaulting their walls,
 Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
 Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
 And the landscape sped away behind,
 Like an ocean flying before the wind;
 And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
 Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire;
 But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
 He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
 Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
 What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
 Then, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
 He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
 And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
 because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
 With foam and with dust the black charger was
 gray;

By the flash of his eye, and the red nostrils' play,
 He seemed to the whole great army to say:

"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
 Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
 And when their statues are placed on high,
 Under the dome of the Union sky,

The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester,—twenty miles away!"
THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

By permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company.

LAUS DEO!

[The military wisdom and the moral power of Emancipation had been confirmed by its consequences; and on January 31, 1865, Congress passed a Constitutional Amendment forever abolishing slavery in the United States. Received with great rejoicing by the North generally, for nearly a year its completion hung fire, until on December 18, 1865, its ratification by the States was announced.]

[On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing Slavery.]

It is done!
 Clang of bell and roar of gun
 Send the tidings up and down.
 How the belfries rock and reel!
 How the great guns, peal on peal,
 Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
 Every stroke exulting tells
 Of the burial hour of crime.
 Loud and long, that all may hear,
 Ring for every listening ear
 Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
 God's own voice is in that peal,
 And this spot is holy ground.
 Lord, forgive us! What are we,
 That our eyes this glory see,
 That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
 On the whirlwind is abroad;
 In the earthquake he has spoken;
 He has smitten with His thunder
 The iron walls asunder,
 And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
 Lift the old exulting song;
 Sing with Miriam by the sea,
 He has cast the mighty down;
 Horse and rider sing and drown;
 "He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare,
 In our agony of prayer,
 Ask for more than He has done?
 When was ever His right hand
 Over any time or land
 Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
 Ancient myth and song and tale,
 In this wonder of our days,
 When the cruel rod of war
 Blossoms white with righteous law,
 And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
 All within and all about
 Shall a fresher life begin;
 Freer breathe the universe
 As it rolls its heavy curse
 On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
 In the circuit of the sun
 Shall the sound thereof go forth.
 It shall bid the sad rejoice,
 It shall give the dumb a voice,
 It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the sound of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE

Negro troops entering Richmond

[The month of April, 1865, saw the most memorable events of that great period: On the 6th, the fall of Richmond and its occupation by Union soldiers—the most gleeful being the colored troops; on the 9th, the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox; and on the evening of the 14th, the shocking assassination of President Lincoln. As Henry Ward Beecher phrased the experience: “Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow:—noon and midnight, without a space between!”]

Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
 Wid de muffstash on he face,
 Go long de road some time dis mornin',
 Like he gwine leabe de place?
 He see de smoke way up de ribber
 Whar de Lincum gunboats lay;
 He took he hat an' leff berry sudden,
 And I spose he's runned away.
 De massa run, ha, ha!
 De darkey stay, ho, ho!
 It mus' be now de kingdom comin',
 An' de yar ob jubilo.

He six foot one way an' two foot todder,
 An' he weigh six hundred poun';
 His coat so big he could n't pay de tailor,
 An' it won't reach half way roun';
 He drill so much dey calls him cap'n,
 And' he git so mighty tanned,
 I spec he'll try to fool dem Yankees,
 For to tink he contraband.
 De massa run, ha, ha!
 De darkey stay, ho, ho!
 It mus' be now de kingdom comin',
 An' de yar ob jubilo.

De darkeys got so lonesome libb'n
 In de log hut on de lawn,
 Dey moved dere tings into massa's parlor
 For to keep it while he gone.
 Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchin,
 An' de darkeys dey hab some,
 I spec it will be all fiscated,
 When de Lincum sojers come,
 De massa run, ha, ha!
 De darkey stay, ho, ho!
 It mus' be now de kingdom comin',
 An' de yar ob jubilo.

De oberseer he makes us trubble,
 An' he drike us roun' a spell,
 We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
 Wid de key flung in de well.
 De whip am lost, de han'-cuff broke,
 But de massy hab his pay;
 He big an' ole enough for to know better
 Dan to went an' run away.
 De massa run, ha, ha!
 De darkey stay, ho, ho!
 It mus' be now de kingdom comin',
 An' de yar ob jubilo.

HENRY CLAY WORK.

THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX

As billows upon billows roll,
 On victory victory breaks ;
 Ere yet seven days from Richmond's fall
 And crowning triumph wakes
 The loud joy-gun, whose thunders run
 By sea-shore, streams, and lakes.
 The hope and great event agree
 In the sword that Grant received from Lee.

The warring eagles fold the wing,
 But not in Cæsar's sway ;
 Not Rome o'ercome by Roman arms we sing,
 As on Pharsalia's day,
 But Treason thrown, though a giant grown,
 And Freedom's larger play.
 All human tribes glad token see
 In the close of the wars of Grant and Lee.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

By permission of the Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE¹

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
 Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
 She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
 To make a man to meet the mortal need.
 She took the tried clay of the common road—
 Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
 Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
 Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
 Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
 Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
 That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
 And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
 Moving—all hushed—behind the mortal veil.
 Here was a man to hold against the world,
 A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
 The smack and tang of elemental things;
 The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
 The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
 The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
 The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
 The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
 The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
 The secrecy of streams that make their way
 Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
 The tolerance and equity of light
 That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
 As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
 To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
 That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
 He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
 The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
 The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
 His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
 Were roots that firmly gripped the granite truth.

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Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is
won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning:

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

By permission of the David Mackay Company.

OUR MARTYR-CHIEF

FROM THE "HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE"

July 21, 1865

Life may be given in many ways,
 And loyalty to Truth be sealed
 As bravely in the closet as the field,
 So bountiful is Fate;
 But then to stand beside her,
 When craven churls deride her,
 To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
 This shows, methinks, God's plan
 And measure of a stalwart man,
 Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
 Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
 Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
 Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
 Whom late the Nation he had led,
 With ashes on her head,
 Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
 Forgive me, if from present things I turn
 To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
 And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
 Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating us by rote:
 For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
 How beautiful to see

Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
 One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
 Not lured by any cheat of birth,
 But by his clear-grained human worth,
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
 They knew that outward grace is dust;
 They could not choose but trust
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
 And supple-tempered will
 That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
 His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
 A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
 Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
 Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
 Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
 Nothing of Europe here,
 Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
 Ere any names of Serf and Peer
 Could Nature's equal scheme deface
 And thwart her genial will;
 Here was a type of the true elder race,
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
 I praise him not; it were too late;
 And some innate weakness there must be
 In him who condescends to victory
 Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
 Safe in himself as in a fate.
 So always firmly he:
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes;
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,

Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise nor blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
 Thy God, in these distempered days,
 Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
 And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!

Bow down in prayer and praise!
 No poorest in thy borders but may now
 Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.
 O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
 Smoothing thy gold of war-disheveled hair
 O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,

And letting thy set lips,
 Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
 What words divine of lover or of poet
 Could tell our love and make thee know it,
 Among the Nations bright beyond compare?

What were our lives without thee?
 What all our lives to save thee?
 We reckon not what we gave thee;
 We will not dare to doubt thee,
 But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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 Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who, with mocking pencil, wont to trace,
 Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
 His lack of all we prize as debonair,
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
 Judging each step as though the way were plain;
 Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
 Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain,—

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
 The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
 Between the mourners at his head and feet,
 Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
 To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
 To make me own this hind of Princes peer,
 This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
 Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
 How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
 How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
 How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;
 Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
 Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
 Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
 As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
 Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command ;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
 That God makes instruments to work His will,
 If but that will we can arrive to know,
 Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
 That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
 As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
 His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might,—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
 The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
 The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
 The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—
 Such were the needs that helped his youth to train :
 Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
 If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
 And lived to do it : four long-suffering years'
 Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
 And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
 And took both with the same unwavering mood ;
 Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
 And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
 Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
 And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
 Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
 Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
 When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
 To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
 Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
 Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
 Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
 By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
 If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
 But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
 Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
 And with the martyr's crown, crownest a life
 With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR, Editor of *Punch*, London.

ROBERT E. LEE

[Read at the Richmond celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of General Lee's birth, January 19, 1907. He died, October 12, 1870.]

A gallant foeman in the fight,
A brother when the fight was o'er,
The hand that led the host with might
The blessed torch of learning bore.

No shrieks of shells nor roll of drums,
No challenge fierce, resounding far,
When reconciling Wisdom comes
To heal the cruel wounds of war.

Thought may the minds of men divide,
Love makes the hearts of nations one;
And so, thy soldier grave beside,
We honor thee, Virginia's son.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

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THE CONQUERED BANNER

Furl that Banner, for 't is weary;
 Round its staff 't is drooping dreary;
 Furl it, fold it—it is best;
 For there's not a man to wave it,
 And there's not a sword to save it,
 And there's not one left to lave it
 In the blood which heroes gave it;
 And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 't is tattered;
 Broken is its staff and shattered,
 And the valiant hosts are scattered
 Over whom it floated high,
 Oh, 't is hard for us to fold it,
 Hard to think there's none to hold it,
 Hard that those who once unrolled it
 Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly;
 Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
 And ten thousands wildly, madly
 Swore it should forever wave—
 Swore that foeman's sword should never
 Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
 And that flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom, or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
 And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low;
 And that Banner—it is trailing,
 While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe;

For, though conquered, they adore it—
 Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
 Weep for those who fell before it!
 Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
 But, oh, wildly they deplore it,
 Now who furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 't is gory,
 Yet 't is wreathed around with glory,
 And 't will live in song and story
 Though its folds are in the dust!
 For its fame on brightest pages,
 Penned by poets and by sages,
 Shall go sounding down the ages—
 Furl its folds though now we must!

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly;
 Treat it gently—it is holy,
 For it droops above the dead;
 Touch it not—unfold it never;
 Let it droop there, furled forever,—
 For its people's hopes are fled.

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN ("FATHER RYAN.")

By permission of Messrs. P. T. Kenedy & Sons.

DOER OF HOPELESS TASKS

FROM "ON A BUST OF GENERAL GRANT"

Strong, simple, silent are the [steadfast] laws
 That sway this universe, of none withstood,
 Unconscious of man's outcries or applause,
 Or what man deems his evil or his good;
 And when the Fates ally them with a cause
 That wallows in the sea-trough and seems lost,
 Drifting in danger of the reefs and sands
 Of shallow counsels, this way, that way tost,
 Strength, silence, simpleness, of these three strands
 They twist the cable shall the world hold fast
 To where its anchors clutch the bed-rock of the past.

Strong, simple, silent therefore such was he
 Who helped us in our need; the eternal law
 That who can saddle Opportunity
 Is God's elect, though many a mortal flaw
 May minish him in eyes that closely see,
 Was verified in him: what need we say
 Of one who made success where others failed,
 Who, with no light save that of common day,
 Struck hard, and still struck on till Fortune quailed,
 But that (so sift the Norns) a desperate van
 Ne'er fell at last to one who was not wholly man.

Nothing ideal, a plain people's man
 At the first glance, a more deliberate ken
 Finds type primeval, those in whose veins ran
 Such blood as quelled the dragon in his den,
 Made harmless fields, and better worlds began;
 He came grim-silent, saw and did the deed
 That was to do; in his master-grip
 Our sword flashed joy; no skill of words could breed
 Such sure conviction as that close-clamped lip;

He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew
He had done more than any simplest man could do.

.

Doer of hopeless tasks which praters shirk,
One of those still plain men that do the world's rough
work.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers.

THE STATUE OF SHERMAN

BY ST. GAUDENS

This is the soldier brave enough to tell
The glory-dazzled world that 'war is hell';
Lover of peace, he looks beyond the strife,
And rides through hell to save his country's life.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

From "Music and Other Poems," by permission of Charles
Scribner's Sons.

V

THE GROWTH OF EMPIRE

AMERICA'S FUTURE

FROM "AS A STRONG BIRD ON PINIONS FREE"

1872

Brain of the New World! what a task is thine!
To formulate the modern . . . out of the peerless
grandeur of the modern,
Out of Thyself—comprising Science—to recast Poems,
Churches, Art,
(Recast—maybe discard them, end them—Maybe their
work is done—who knows?)
By vision, hand, conceptions on the background of the
mighty past, the dead,
To live, with absolute faith the mighty living present.

.

Sail—sail thy best, ship of Democracy!
Of value is thy freight—'tis not the Present only,
The Past is also stored in thee!
Thou holdest not the venture of thyself alone,—not of
thy Western continent alone;
Earth's *résumé* entire floats on thy keel, O Ship—is
steadied by thy spars;
With thee Time voyages in trust—the antecedent nations
sink or swim with thee;
With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics,
wars, thou bear'st the other continents;
Theirs, theirs as much as thine, the destination-port
triumphant;

—Steer, steer with good strong hand and wary eye, O
 helmsman—thou carriest great companions,
 Venerable priestly Asia sails this day with thee
 And royal feudal Europe sails with thee.

.

Thou wonder-world, yet undefined, unformed—neither
 do I define thee;
 How can I pierce the unpenetrable blank of the future?
 I feel thy ominous greatness, evil as well as good;
 I watch thee advancing, absorbing the present, trans-
 cending the past;
 I see thy light lighting and thy shadow shadowing, as if
 the entire globe;
 But I do not undertake to define thee—hardly to compre-
 hend thee;
 I but thee name—thee prophesy—as now!

WALT WHITMAN.

By permission of the David Mackay Company.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

[Despite bitter feelings during political Reconstruction in the South, animosities of the war—especially among ex-soldiers—soon faded. On Memorial Day, May 30, 1867, appointed for the decoration of graves of the fallen, women in Columbus, Miss., laid flowers over Federal as well as Confederate graves: a generous example widely followed.]

By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the one, the Blue,
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the laurel, the Blue,
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers
 Alike for the friend and the foe:
 Under the sod and the dew
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the roses, the Blue,
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all:

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Broïdered with gold, the Blue,
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Wet with the rain, the Blue,
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done,
 In the storm of the years that are fading
 No braver battle was won:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead!
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

From "The Blue and the Gray, and Other Verses," by permission of Messrs. Henry Holt and Company.

FOES YET BROTHERS

FROM "AN ODE FOR DECORATION DAY"

O gallant brothers of the generous South,
 Foes for a day and brothers for all time,
 I charge you by the memories of your youth,
 By Yorktown's field and Montezuma's clime,
 Hold our dead sacred—let them quietly rest
 In your unnumbered vales, where God thought best.
 Your vines and flowers learned long since to forgive,
 And o'er their graves a brodered mantle weave:
 Be you as kind as they are, and the word
 Shall reach the Northland with each summer bird,
 And thoughts as sweet as summer shall awake
 Responsive to your kindness, and shall make
 Our peace the peace of brothers once again,
 And banish utterly the days of pain.

And ye, O Northmen! be ye not outdone
 In generous thought and deed.
 We all do need forgiveness, every one;
 And they that give shall find it in their need.
 Spare of your flowers to deck the stranger's grave,
 Who died for a lost cause—
 A soul more daring, resolute, and brave,
 Ne'er won a world's applause.
 A brave man's hatred pauses at the tomb.
 For him some Southern home was robed in gloom,
 Some wife or mother looked with longing eyes
 Through the sad days and nights with tears and sighs,
 Hope slowly hardening into gaunt Despair.
 Then let your foeman's grave remembrance share:
 Pity a higher charm to Valor lends,
 And in the realms of Sorrow all are friends.

HENRY PETERSON.

From "Poems," by courtesy of the J. B. Lippincott Company
 and of Mr. Arthur Peterson.

THE CABLE HYMN

[*The first Atlantic cable successfully laid by Cyrus W. Field, July 29, 1866.*]

O lonely bay of Trinity,
O dreary shores, give ear!
Lean down unto the white-lipped sea
The voice of God to hear!

From world to world His couriers fly,
Thought-winged and shod with fire;
The angel of His stormy sky
Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord?
"The world's long strife is done;
Close wedded by that mystic cord,
Its continents are one.

"And one in heart, as one in blood,
Shall all her peoples be;
The hands of human brotherhood
Are clasped beneath the sea.

"Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain
And Asian mountains borne,
The vigor of the Northern brain
Shall nerve the world outworn.

"From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Shall thrill the magic thread;
The new Prometheus steals once more
The fire that wakes the dead."

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder! beat
From answering beach to beach;
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
And melt the chains of each!

Wild terror of the sky above,
 Glide tamed and dumb below!
 Bear gently, Ocean's carrier-dove,
 Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
 Beneath the deep so far,
 The bridal robe of earth's accord,
 The funeral shroud of war!

For lo! the fall of Ocean's wall
 Space mocked and time outrun;
 And round the world the thought of all
 Is as the thought of one!

The poles unite, the zones agree,
 The tongues of striving cease;
 As on the Sea of Galilee
 The Christ is whispering, Peace!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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OUR FIRST CENTURY

[1776-1876]

It cannot be that men who are the seed
Of Washington should miss fame's true applause;
Franklin did plan us; Marshall gave us laws;
And slow the broad scroll grew a people's creed—
Union and Liberty! then at our need,
Time's challenge coming, Lincoln gave it pause,
Upheld the double pillars of the cause,
And dying left them whole—our crowning deed.

Such was the fathering race that made all fast,
Who founded us, and spread from sea to sea
A thousand leagues the zone of liberty,
And built for man this refuge from his past,
Unkinged, unchurched, unsoldiered; shamed were we,
Failing the stature that such sires forecast!

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

By kind permission of the Author.

LIBERTY'S LATEST DAUGHTER

[*The Centennial Anniversary of July 4, 1776, was celebrated by a World's Exposition in Philadelphia, opened by President Grant on May 10, 1876, specialized on July 4 by a great gathering in Independence Square with notable exercises, including the recital of Bayard Taylor's "Ode" by its author. It continued till November 10, a brilliant and world-wide center of interest.*]

FROM "THE NATIONAL ODE," JULY 4, 1876.

Sun of the stately Day,
 Let Asia into the shadow drift,
 Let Europe bask in thy ripened ray,
 And over the severing ocean lift
 A brow of broader splendor!
 Give light to the eager eyes
 Of the Land that waits to behold thee rise;
 The gladness of morning lend her,
 With the triumph of noon attend her,
 And the peace of the vesper skies!
 For, lo! she cometh now
 With hope on the lip and pride on the brow,
 Stronger, and dearer, and fairer,
 To smile on the love we bear her,—
 To live, as we dreamed her and sought her,
 Liberty's latest daughter!
 In the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places,
 We found her traces;
 On the hills, in the crash of woods that fall,
 We heard her call;
 When the lines of battle broke,
 We saw her face in the fiery smoke;
 Through toil, and anguish, and desolation,
 We followed, and found her
 With the grace of a Virgin Nation
 As a sacred zone around her!
 Who shall rejoice
 With a righteous voice,
 Far-heard through the ages, if not she?
 For the menace is dumb that defied her,
 The doubt is dead that denied her,

And she stands acknowledged, and strong, and free!
 To seize the highest use of things;
 For Fate, to mould thee to her plan,
 Denied thee food of kings,
 Withheld the udder and the orchard-fruits,
 Fed thee with savage roots,
 And forced thy harsher milk from barren breasts of
 man!

.
 O sacred Woman-Form,
 Of the first People's need and passion wrought,—
 No thin, pale ghost of Thought,
 But fair as Morning and as heart's-blood warm,—
 Wearing thy priestly tiar on Judah's hills;
 Clear-eyed beneath Athene's helm of gold;
 Or from Rome's central seat
 Hearing the pulses of the Continents beat
 In thunder where her legions rolled;
 Compact of high heroic hearts and wills,
 Whose being circles all
 The selfless aims of men, and all fulfils;
 Thyself not free, so long as one is thrall;
 Goddess, that as a Nation lives,
 And as a Nation dies,
 That for her children as a man defies,
 And to her children as a mother gives,—
 Take our fresh fealty now!
 No more a Chieftainess, with wampum-zone
 And feather-cinctured brow,—
 No more a new Britannia, grown
 To spread an equal banner to the breeze,
 And lift thy trident o'er the double seas;
 But with unborrowed crest,
 In thine own native beauty dressed,—
 The front of pure command, the unflinching eye, thine
 own!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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 Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers.

DOWN THE LITTLE BIG HORN

[Trouble with Western Indians under the famous war Chief Sitting Bull caused the sending of troops. A detachment of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry, under Lieut.-Colonel George A. Custer, of Civil War renown, coming unexpectedly upon a large force of Indians (June 25, 1876), instead of retiring for union with other troops, accepted battle, and were utterly destroyed. The sole survivor was the horse, Comanche, thereafter made a life-guest of the regiment.]

Down the Little Big Horn,
 (O troop forlorn!)
 Right into the camp of the Sioux,
 (What was the muster?)
 Two hundred and sixty-two
 Went into the fight with Custer,
 Went out of the fight with Custer,
 Went out at a breath,
 Staunch to the death!
 Just from the canyon emerging,
 Saw they the braves of Sitting Bull surging,
 Two thousand and more,
 Painted and feathered, thirsting for gore,
 Did they shrink and turn back,
 (Hear how the rifles crack!)
 Did they pause for a life,
 For a sweetheart or wife?

And one in that savage throng,
 (His revenge had waited long,)
 Pumped with porcupine quills,
 His deerskins beaded and fringed,
 An eagle's plume in his long black hair,
 His tall lance fluttering in the air,
 Glanced at the circling hills—
 His cheeks flushed with a keen surmise,
 A demon's hate in his eyes
 Remembering the hour when he cringed,

A prisoner thonged,
 Chief Rain-in-the-Face
 (There was a sachem wronged!)
 Saw his enemy's heart laid bare,
 Feasted in thought like a beast in his lair.

Cavalry, cavalry,
 (Tramp of the hoof, champ of the bit,)
 Horses prancing, cavorting,
 Shying and snorting,
 Accouterments rattling,
 (Children at home are prattling,)
 Gallantly, gallantly,
 "Company dismount!"
 From the saddle they swing,
 With their steeds form a ring,
 (Hear how the bullets sing!)
 Who can their courage recount?

Do you blanch at their fate?
 (Who would hesitate?)
 Two hundred and sixty-two
 Immortals in blue,
 Standing shoulder to shoulder,
 Like some granite boulder
 You must blast to displace—
 (Were they of a valiant race?)
 Two hundred and sixty-two,
 And never a man to say,
 "I rode with Custer that day."
 Give the savage his triumph and bluster,
 Give the hero to perish with Custer,
 To his God and his comrades true.

Closing and closing,
 Nearer the redskins creep;
 With cunning disposing,
 With yell and with whoop,
 (There are women shall weep!)
 They gather and swoop,

They come like a flood,
 Maddened with blood,
 They shriek, plying the knife,
 (Was there one begged for his life?)
 Where but a moment ago
 Stood serried and sternly the foe,
 Now fallen, mangled below.

Down the Little Big Horn,
 (Tramp of hoof, champ of the bit,)
 A single steed in the morn,
 Comanche, seven times hit,
 Comes to the river to drink;
 Lists for the saber's clink,
 Lists for the voice of his master,
 (O glorious disaster!)
 Comes, sniffing the air,
 Gazing, lifts his head,
 But his master lies dead,
 (Who but the dead were there?)
 But stay, what was the muster?
 Two hundred and sixty-two
 (Two thousand and more the Sioux!)
 Went into the fight with Custer,
 Went out of the fight with Custer;
 For never a man can say,
 "I rode with Custer that day—"
 Went out like a taper,
 Blown by a sudden vapor,
 Went out at a breath,
 True to the death!

FRANCIS BROOKS.

By permission of the R. R. Donnelly & Sons Company.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE

["Liberty Enlightening the World," a colossal bronze statue holding aloft a torch of electric light, by Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, was presented by the French people to America; reared upon a great pedestal built by popular subscription on Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor, and unveiled May 24, 1883.]

The land, that, from the rule of kings,
 In freeing us, itself made free,
 Our Old World Sister, to us brings
 Her sculptured Dream of Liberty:

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands
 Uplifted by the toil-worn slave,
 On Freedom's soil with freeman's hand
 We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful! to thee
 Once more a debt of love we owe:
 In peace beneath thy Colors Three,
 We hail a later Rochambeau!

Rise, stately Symbol! holding forth
 Thy light and hope to all who sit
 In chains and darkness! Belt the earth
 With watch-fires from thy torch up-lit!

Reveal the primal mandate still
 Which Chaos heard and ceased to be,
 Trace on mid-air th' Eternal Will
 In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light
 To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,
 A lightning-flash the wretch to smite
 Who shields his license with thy name!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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GRANT

[DIED, AUGUST 8, 1885]

As one by one withdraw the lofty actors
From that great play on history's stage eternal,
That lurid, partial act of war and peace—of old and new
contending,
Fought out through wrath, fears, dark dismays, and
many a long suspense;
All past—and since, in countless graves receding, mel-
lowing,
Victor and vanquished—Lincoln and Lee—now thou
with them,
Man of the mighty day—and equal to the day!
Thou from the prairies?—and tangled and many-veined
and hard has been thy part,
To admiration has it been enacted!

WALT WHITMAN.

By permission of the David Mackay Company.

CONEMAUGH

[Peace has her heroisms, as well as war. A splendid example of it was that of Mrs. Ogle, a telegraph operator at Johnstown, Penn., who—when on May 31, 1889, the great dam above broke, flooding that town, Conemaugh and other villages, destroying 2,000 lives and millions of property—stayed at her post to send warnings, until the torrent overwhelmed her.]

“Fly to the mountain! Fly”
 Terribly rang the cry.
 The electric soul of the wire
 Quivered like sentient fire,
 The soul of the woman who stood
 Face to face with the flood
 Answered to the shock
 Like the eternal rock.

For she stayed
 With her hand on the wire,
 Unafraid,
 Flashing the wild word down
 Into the lower town.
 Is there a lower yet and another?
 Into the valley she and none other
 Can hurl the warning cry:
 “Fly to the mountain! Fly!
 The water from Conemaugh
 Has opened its awful jaw.
 The dam is wide
 On the mountain-side!”
 “Fly for *your* life, oh, fly!”
 They said.
 She lifted her noble head:
 “I can stay at my post, and die.”

Face to face with duty and death,
 Dear is the drawing of human breath.
 “Steady, my hand! Hold fast
 To the trust upon thee cast.

Steady, my wire! Go, say
 That death is on the way!
 Steady, strong wire! Go, save!
 Grand is the power you have!"

Grander the soul that can stand
 Behind the trembling hand;
 Grander the woman who dares;
 Glory her high name wears.
"This message is my last!"
 Shot over the wire, and passed
 To the listening ear of the land.
 The mountain and the strand
 Reverberate the cry:
"Fly for your lives, oh, fly!
I stay at my post, and die."
 The torrent took her. God knows all.
 Fiercely the savage currents fall
 To muttering calm. Men count their dead.
 The June sky smileth overhead.
 God's will we neither read nor guess.
 Poorer by one more hero less,
 We bow the head, and clasp the hand:
 "Teach us, altho' we die, to stand."

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

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 Mifflin Company, the authorized Publishers.

IN THESE DAYS

[From "The Columbian Ode," read at the dedication of the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, October 21, 1892, celebrating the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of America.]

Columbia, my country, dost thou hear?

Ah! dost thou hear the songs unheard of Time?

Hark! for their passion trembles at thine ear.

Hush! for thy soul must heed their call sublime.

Across wide seas, unswept by earthly sails,

Those strange sounds draw thee on, for thou shalt be
Leader of nations through the autumnal gales

That wait to mock the strong and wreck the free.

Dearer, more radiant than of yore,

Against the dark I see thee rise;

Thy young smile spurns the guarded shore

And braves the shadowed ominous skies.

And still that conquering smile who see

Pledge love, life, service all to thee.

The years have brought thee robes most fair—

The rich processional years,

And filleted thy shining hair,

And zoned thy waist with jewels rare,

And whispered in thine ears

Strange secrets of God's wondrous ways,

Long hid from human awe and praise.

For, look! the living God now bares His arm.

No more He makes His house of clouds and gloom.

Lightly the shuttles move within His loom;

Unveiled His thunder leaps to meet the storm.

From God's right hand man takes the powers that sway

A universe of stars;

He bows them down, he bids them go or stay,

He tames them for his wars.

He scans the burning paces of the sun,
 And names the invisible orbs whose courses run
 Through the still deeps of space.
 He sees in dew upon a rose impearled
 The swarming legions of a monad world
 Begin life's upward race.
 Voices of hope he hears
 Long dumb to his despair,
 And dreams of golden years
 Fit for a world so fair.
 For now Democracy dares wake and rise
 From the sweet sloth of youth.
 By storms made strong, by many dreams made wise,
 He clasps the hand of Truth.
 Through the armed nations lies his path of peace,
 The open book of knowledge in his hand.
 Food to the starving, to the oppressed release,
 And love to all he bears from land to land.
 Before his march the barriers fall,
 The law grows gentle at his call.
 His glowing breath blows far away
 The fogs that veil the coming day—
 That wondrous day
 When earth shall sing as through the blue she rolls,
 Laden with joy for all her thronging souls.
 Then shall want's call to sin resound no more
 Across her teeming fields. And pain shall sleep,
 Soothed by brave science with her magic lore.
 And war no more shall bid the nations weep.
 Then the worn chains shall slip from man's desire,
 And ever higher and higher
 His swift foot shall aspire,
 Still deeper and more deep
 His soul its watch shall keep,
 Till love shall make the world a holy place,
 Where knowledge dares unveil God's very face.

 Not yet the angels hear life's last sweet song.
 Music unutterably pure and strong

From earth shall rise to haunt the peopled skies,
When the long march of time,
Patient in birth and death, in growth and blight,
Shall lead man up through happy realms of light
Unto his goal sublime.

HARRIET MONROE.

By kind permission of the Author.

BATTLE SONG

[For about 400 years Cuba was tyrannized over by Spain, and for fifty years American sympathy had been keen for her failing rebellions. In 1895 new cruelties brought fresh revolution; for three years America watched and grew hot, in January, 1898, sending the battleship "Maine" to Havana for observation. On February 15, the peaceful "Maine" was blown up in the harbor by Spanish uniformed men. President McKinley asked, and in April received, from Congress authority for armed intervention to expel Spain and to establish an independent government in Cuba. "Remember the 'Maine'!" was the cry of the whole nation.]

When the vengeance wakes, when the battle breaks,
 And the ships sweep out to sea;
 When the foe is neared, when the decks are cleared:
 And the colors floating free;
 When the squadrons meet, when it's fleet to fleet
 And front to front with Spain,
 From ship to ship, from lip to lip,
 Pass on the quick refrain,
 "Remember, remember the *Maine!*"

When the flag shall sign, "Advance in line;
 Train ships on an even keel;"
 When the guns shall flash and the shot shall crash
 And bound on the ringing steel;
 When the rattling blasts from the armored masts
 Are hurling their deadliest rain,
 Let their voices loud, through the blinding cloud,
 Cry ever the fierce refrain,
 "Remember, remember the *Maine!*"

God's sky and sea in that storm shall be
 Fate's chaos of smoke and flame,
 But across that hell every shot shall tell,
 Not a gun can miss its aim;
 Not a blow shall fail on the crumbling mail,
 And the waves that engulf the slain
 Shall sweep the decks of the blackened wrecks,
 With the thundering, dread refrain,
 "Remember, remember the *Maine!*"

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

By permission of the Century Company.

DEWEY AT MANILA

[*The United States Navy did the first and last of the Spanish War fighting. Dewey at Manila, May 1, 1898, ready at the word, struck at the Spanish Philippines in the Pacific; the battle-ship "Oregon," from San Francisco, raced 14,000 miles around South America to get into the turmoil; Sampson's fleet blockaded the Cuban ports, and finally, with Schley a fighting second, crushed the Spanish fleet of Cervera as it tried to escape from Santiago Harbor.*]

'T was the very verge of May
 When the bold *Olympia* led
 Into Boca Grandè gray
 Dewey's squadron, dark and dread,—
 Creeping past Corregidor,
 Guardian of Manila's shore.

Do they sleep who wait the fray?
 Is the moon so dazzling bright
 That our cruisers' battle-gray
 Melts into the misty light? . . .
 Ah! the rockets flash and soar!
 Wakes at last Corregidor!

All too late their screaming shell
 Tears the silence with its track;
 This is but the *gate* of hell,
 We've no leisure to turn back.
 Answer, *Boston*—then once more
 Slumber on, Corregidor!

And as, like a slowing tide,
 Onward still the vessels creep,
 Dewey, watching, falcon-eyed,
 Orders—"Let the gunners sleep;
 For we meet a foe at four
 Fiercer than Corregidor."

Well they slept, for well they knew
 What the morrow taught us all,—
 He was wise (as well as true)
 Thus upon the foe to fall.
 Long shall Spain the day deplore
 Dewey ran Corregidor.

May is dancing into light
 As the Spanish Admiral
 From a dream of phantom fight
 Wakens at his sentry's call.
 Shall he leave Cavite's lee,
 Hunt the Yankee fleet at sea?

O Montojo, to thy deck,
 That to-day shall float its last!
 Quick! To quarters! Yonder speck
 Grows a hull of portent vast.
 Hither, toward Cavite's lee
 Comes the Yankee hunting thee!

Not for fear of hidden mine
 Halts our doughty Commodore.
 He, of old heroic line,
 Follows Farragut once more,
 Hazards all on victory,
 Here within Cavite's lee.

If he loses, all is gone;
 He will win because he must.
 And the shafts of yonder dawn
 Are not quicker than his thrust.
 Soon, Montojo, he shall be
 With thee in Cavite's lee.

Now, Manila, to the fray!
 Show the hated Yankee host
 This is not a holiday—
 Spanish blood is more than boast.
 Fleet and mine and battery,
 Crush him in Cavite's lee!

Lo, Hell's geysers at our fore
 Pierce the plotted path—in vain,
 Nerving every man the more
 With the memory of the *Maine*!
 Now at last our guns are free
 Here within Cavite's lee.

"Gridley," says the Commodore,
 "You may fire when ready." Then
 Long and loud, like lions' roar
 When a rival dares the den,
 Breaks the awful cannonry
 Full across Cavite's lee.

Who shall tell the daring tale
 Of our Thunderbolt's attack,
 Finding, when the chart should fail,
 By the lead his dubious track,
 Five ships following faithfully
 Five times o'er Cavite's lee;

Of our gunners' deadly aim;
 Of the gallant foe and brave
 Who, unconquered, faced with flame,
 Seek the mercy of the wave—
 Choosing honor in the sea
 Underneath Cavite's lee!

Let the meed the victors gain
 Be the measure of their task.
 Less of flinching, stouter strain,
 Fiercer combat—who could ask?
 And "surrender"—'twas a word
 That Cavite ne'er had heard.

Noon—the woeful work is done.
 Not a Spanish ship remains;
 But, of their eleven, none
 Ever was so truly Spain's!
 Which is prouder, they or we,
 Thinking of Cavite's lee?

ENVOI

But remember, when we've ceased
Giving praise and reckoning odds,
Man shares courage with the beast,
Wisdom cometh from the gods.
Who would win, on land or wave,
Must be wise as well as brave.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

From the Author's "Collected Poems" (1920), by permission of the Yale University Press, and courtesy of the Author.

THE FLAG GOES BY

[The regular army had but 25,000 men. The President called for 200,000 volunteers for Cuba, who joyously responded until there were many more troops than could be used. A zeal for the flag had been growing, but the war aroused new enthusiasm for the "Stars and Stripes," and June 14, date of its adoption as the national standard in 1777 by Congress, appointed as "Flag Day" was and has continued to be celebrated widely with appropriate ceremonies.]

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by:

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes

A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;

And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

By kind permission of the Author.

COLUMBIA'S BANNER

[*A feature of the National Public School Celebration of Columbus Day, October 12, 1892.*]

Uplift the Starry Banner! The best age is begun!
We are the heirs of the mariners whose voyage that
morn¹ was done.
Measureless lands Columbus gave and rivers through
zones that roll,
But his rarest, noblest bounty was a New World for the
soul!
For he sailed from the past with its stifling walls, to the
future's open sky,
And the ghosts of gloom and fear were laid as the breath
of heaven went by;
And the pedant's pride and the lordling's scorn were
lost in that vital air,
As fogs are lost when sun and wind sweep ocean blue
and bare;
And freedom and larger knowledge dawned clear, the
sky to span,
The birthright, not of priest or king, but of every child
of man!

Uplift the New World's banner to greet the exultant
sun!
Let its rosy gleams still follow his beams as swift to the
west they run,
Till the wide air rings with shout and hymn to welcome
it shining high,
And our eagle from lone Katahdin to Shasta's snow can
fly
In the light of its stars as fold on fold is flung to the
Autumn sky!
Uplift it, youths and maidens, with songs and loving
cheers;
Through triumphs, raptures, it has waved, through
agonies and tears.

¹ See "Land Ho!" page 3.

Columbia looks from sea to sea and thrills with joy to
know

Her myriad sons, as one, would leap to shield it from a
foe!

.

It floats for broadest learning; for the soul's supreme
release;

For law disdaining license; for righteousness and peace;
For valor born of justice; and its amplest scope and plan
Makes a queen of every woman, a king of every man!
While forever, like Columbus, o'er truth's unfathomed
main

It pilots to the hidden isles, a grander realm to gain.

No cloud on the field of azure,—no stain on the rosy
bars—

God bless you, youths and maidens, as you guard the
Stripes and Stars!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

By courtesy of the Author; also by special permission of, and
special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the author-
ized Publishers.

DEEDS OF VALOR AT SANTIAGO

[Poor management by the War Department delayed the troops for Cuba, but after their arrival they did gallant work,—at the siege of Santiago under General Shafter, and the collateral fighting under Chaffee, Lawton, Wheeler, Roosevelt, at the forts and at San Juan Hill.]

Who cries that the days of daring are those that are
faded far,
That never a light burns planet-bright to be hailed as
the hero's star?
Let the deeds of the dead be laureled, the brave of the
elder years,
But a song, we say, for the men of to-day, who have
proved themselves their peers!

High in the vault of the tropic sky is the garish eye of
the sun,
And down with its crown of guns afrown looks the hill-
top to be won;
There is the trench where the Spaniard lurks, his hold
and his hiding-place,
And he who would cross the space between must meet
death face to face.

The black mouths belch and thunder, and the shrapnel
shrieks and flies;
Where are the fain and the fearless, the lads with the
dauntless eyes?
Will the moment find them wanting! Nay, but with valor
stirred!
Like the leashed hound on the coursing-ground they wait
but the warning word.

"Charge!" and the line moves forward, moves with a
shout and a swing,
While sharper far than the cactus-thorn is the spiteful
bullet's sting.

Now they are out in the open, and now they are breasting
the slope,
While into the eyes of death they gaze as into the eyes
of hope.
Never they wait nor waver, but on they clamber and on,
With "Up with the flag of the Stripes and Stars, and
down with the flag of the Don!"
What should they bear through the shot-rent air but rout
to the ranks of Spain,
For the blood that throbs in their hearts is the blood of
the boys of Anthony Wayne!

See, they have taken the trenches! Where are the foe-
men? Gone!
And now "Old Glory" waves in the breeze from the
heights of San Juan!
And so, while the dead are laureled, the brave of the
elder years,
A song, we say, for the men of to-day who have proved
themselves their peers!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

By kind permission of the Author.

CUB SAWBONES

1898

When we marched away with the starry flag,
Cub Sawbones carried his surgeon's bag;
But for me—I wanted no “rear” in mine—
I shouldered a gun in the fighting line.

So when we had charged up the deadly glade
Where the dons were lying in ambushade,
I was there to take what the others got—
And the Spaniards gave it, plenty and hot.

There fell of our crowd in the Mauser hail
A third—yet never a man did quail,
But—well, we went back—then came again
And settled right down to our work like men.

In open order and firing at will,
We crawled through a very rough skirmish drill—
From the trees to the rocks, from the rocks to the trees,
Just as close to the ground as we could freeze.

When I noted a tangled thicket sway
In front about twenty-five yards away,
I halted, made ready to loosen a storm—
Till I caught a whiff of iodoform.

Cub Sawbones, alone with the wounded folk,
Was cobbling the limbs that the bullets broke;
He bent to his task with the tenderest care,
Though the war-bolts were hissing everywhere.

I hailed him with our old college yell,—
He grinned, as he watched a bursting shell.
“You have a great nerve to be here,” he said,
“When you’re not a doctor—or wounded—or dead!”

SYDNEY REID (ROBERT CHARLES FORNERI).

From the *New York Sun*, July 9, 1898, by permission of the Sun-Herald Corporation.

WHEELER AT SANTIAGO

[One of the most gallant figures of the close fighting was General Joseph Wheeler, a cavalry leader of the Confederate Army in '61-'65, now sick and feeble, but loyal, trusted, and as valorous as of old.]

Into the thick of the fight he went, pallid and sick and wan,
Borne in an ambulance to the front, a ghostly wisp of a man;
But the fighting soul of a fighting man, approved in the long ago,
Went to the front in that ambulance, and the body of Fighting Joe.

Out from the front they were coming back, smitten of Spanish shells,—
Wounded boys from the Vermont hills and the Alabama dells;
“Put them into this ambulance; I’ll ride to the front,” he said,
And he climbed to the saddle and rode right on, that little ex-Confed.

From end to end of the long blue ranks rose up the ringing cheers,
And many a powder-blackened face was furrowed with sudden tears,
As with flashing eyes and gleaming sword, and hair and beard of snow,
Into the hell of shot and shell rode little old Fighting Joe!
Sick with fever and racked with pain, he could not stay away,
For he heard the song of the yester-year in the deep-mouthed cannon’s bay—
He heard in the calling song of the guns there was work for him to do,
Where his country’s best blood splashed and flowed ’round the Red, White and Blue.

Fevered body and hero heart! this Union's heart to you
Beats out in love and reverence—and to each dear boy in
blue

Who stood or fell 'mid the shot and shell, and cheered
in the face of the foe,

As, wan and white, to the heart of the fight rode little
old Fighting Joe!

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

From the *New York Sun*, July, 1898, by permission of the Sun-Herald Corporation.

JOINED THE BLUES

[This happy fancy, of the spirits of Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson looking down with hearty approval upon the redoubtable old Confederate General Wheeler as now a fighter for the Union, is infused with the soldierly comradeship and sincerity of those heroes of the Civil War.]

Says Stonewall Jackson to "Little Phil":

"Phil, have you heard the news?

Why, our 'Joe' Wheeler—'Fighting Joe'—has gone and joined the blues.

"Ay, no mistake—I saw him come—I heard the oath he took—

And you'll find it duly entered up in your great Record Book.

"Yes, 'Phil,' it is a change since then (we give the Lord due thanks),

When 'Joe' came swooping like a hawk upon your Sherman's flanks!

"Why, 'Phil,' you knew the trick yourself—but 'Joe' had all the points—

And we've yet to hear his horses died of stiff or rusted joints!

"But what of that?—the deed I saw to-day in yonder town

Leads all we did and all 'Joe' did in troopings up and down;

"For, 'Phil,' that oath shall be the heal of many a gaping wound,

And many a Southland song shall yet to that same oath be tuned!

"The oath 'Joe' swore has done the work of thrice a score
of years—

Ay, more than oath—he swore away mistrust, and hate
and tears!"

"Yes, yes," says 'Phil,' "he was indeed a right good
worthy foe,

And well he knew, in those fierce days, to give us blow
for blow.

"When 'Joe' came round to pay a call—the commissaries
said—

Full many a swearing, grumbling 'Yank' went supperless
to bed.

He seemed to have a pesky knack—so Sherman used to
say—

Of calling when he should by rights be ninety miles
away!

"Come, 'Stonewall,' put your hand in mine—'Joe's' sworn
old Samuel's oath—

We're never North or South again—he kissed the book
for both!"

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

By kind permission of the Author.

EIGHT VOLUNTEERS

[A fine piece of daring was the attempt of Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, with eight volunteers, to sink the collier "Merrimac" for blocking Santiago Harbor, where the Spanish fleet had taken refuge without fighting. Under fierce firing the collier was sunk, but not across the channel, and Hobson and his men were captured.]

Eight volunteers! on an errand of death!

Eight men! Who speaks?

Eight men to go where the cannon's hot breath
Burns black the cheeks.

Eight men to man the old *Merrimac's* hulk,
Eight men to sink the old steamer's black bulk,
Blockade the channel where Spanish ships skulk,—

Eight men! Who speaks?

"Eight volunteers!" said the Admiral's flags!

Eight men! Who speaks?

Who will sail under El Morro's black crags?—

Sure death he seeks.

Who is there willing to offer his life?

Willing to march to this music of strife,—

Cannon for drum and torpedo for fife?

Eight men! Who speaks?

Eight volunteers! on an errand of death!

Eight men! Who speaks?

Was there a man who in fear held his breath?

With fear-paled cheeks?

From ev'ry war-ship ascended a cheer!

From ev'ry sailor's lips burst the word "Here!"

Four thousand heroes their lives volunteer!

Eight men! Who speaks?

LANSING C. BAILEY.

From "Poems of American History," edited by Purton E. Stevenson.

THE RUSH OF THE OREGON

[From San Francisco around the Horn to Cuba]

They held her South to Magellan's mouth,
 Then East they steered her, forth
 Through the farther gate of the crafty strait,
 And then they held her North.

Six thousand miles to the Indian Isles!
 And the *Oregon* rushed home,
 Her wake a swirl of jade and pearl,
 Her bow a bend of foam.

And when at Rio the cable sang,
 "There is war!—grim war with Spain!"
 The swart crews grinned and stroked their guns
 And thought on the mangled *Maine*.

In the glimmered gloom of the engine-room
 There was joy to each grimy soul,
 And fainting men sprang up again
 And piled the blazing coal.

Good need was there to go with care;
 But every sailor prayed
 Or gun for gun, or six to one,
 To meet them, unafraid.

Her goal at last! With joyous blast
 She hailed the welcoming roar
 Of hungry sea-wolves curved along
 The strong-hilled Cuban shore.

Long night went by. Her beamed eye,
 Unwavering, searched the bay
 Where trapped and penned for a certain end
 The Spanish squadron lay,

Out of the harbor a curl of smoke—
 A watchful gun rang clear.
 Out of the channel the squadron broke
 Like a bevy of frightened deer.

Then there was shouting for "steam, more steam!"
 And fires glowed white and red;
 And guns were manned, and ranges planned,
 And the great ships leaped ahead.

Then there was roaring of chorusing guns,
 Shatter of shell, and spray;
 And who but the rushing *Oregon*
 Was fiercest in chase and fray!

For her mighty wake was a seething snake;
 Her bow was a billow of foam;
 Like the mailed fists of an angry wight
 Her shot drove crashing home;

Pride of the Spanish navy, ho!
 Flee like a hounded beast!
 For the Ship of the Northwest strikes a blow
 For the Ship of the Far Northeast!

In quivering joy she surged ahead,
 Aflame with flashing bars,
 Till down sunk the Spaniard's gold and red
 And up ran the Clustered Stars.

"Glory to share? Aye, and to spare;
 But the chiefest is hers by right
 Of a rush of fourteen thousand miles
 For the chance of a bitter fight!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

By kind permission of the Author.

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS

[After the crushing of the Spanish fleet off Santiago a boat's crew of the warship "Brooklyn" brought the compass of the wrecked "Infanta Maria" to their commander, Commodore Schley, as a tribute; but he feelingly replied: "I am much obliged to you, but the credit of victory belongs to you boys—the men behind the guns!"]

A cheer and salute for the Admiral, and here's to the
 Captain bold,
 And never forget the Commodore's debt when the deeds
 of might are told!
 They stand to the deck through the battle's wreck when
 the great shells roar and screech—
 And never they fear when the foe is near to practice
 what they preach;
 But off with your hat and three times three for Colum-
 bia's true-blue sons,
 The men below who batter the foe—the men behind the
 guns.

Oh, light and merry of heart are they when they swing
 into port once more,
 When, with more than enough of the "green-backed
 stuff," they start for their leave ashore;
 And you'd think, perhaps, that the blue-bloused chaps
 who loll along the street
 Are a tender bit, with salt on it, for some fierce "mous-
 tache" to eat—
 Some warrior bold, with straps of gold, who dazzles and
 fairly stuns
 The modest worth of the sailor boys—the lads who serve
 the guns.

But say not a word till the shot is heard that tells the
 fight is on,
 Till the long, deep roar grows more and more from the
 ships of "Yank" and "Don,"

Till over the deep the tempests sweep of fire and bursting
shell,
And the very air is a mad despair in the throes of a
living hell;
Then down, deep down, in the mighty ship, unseen by the
midday suns,
You'll find the chaps who are giving the raps—the men
behind the guns!

Oh, well they know how the cyclones blow that they loose
from their cloud of death,
And they know is heard the thunder-word their fierce
ten-incher saith!
The stout decks rock with the lightning shock, and shake,
with the great recoil,
And the sea grows red with the blood of the dead and
reaches for his spoil—
But not till the foe has gone below or turns his prow and
runs,
Shall the voice of peace bring sweet release to the men
behind the guns.

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

By kind permission of the Author.

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN

[With the destruction of her fleet, Spain sought peace, which was practically concluded on August 12, 1898—four short months from the beginning—two-and-a-half after Dewey's first blow at Manila. The fleet then returned to New York.]

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless
miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthestmost
isles are free,
And the furthestmost isles make answer, harbor, and
height, and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the Mother
who calls! Be still!"
Mother! new found, beloved, and strong to hold from
harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her
sovereign arm.
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade
her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls
them this time Home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary
watchers rest,
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in the
golden west
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!
Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,
Peace at last! is the bugle blast the length of the long
blockade,
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace! Thank
God for peace."

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
 The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them
 rise and go,—
 How, when the stirring summons smote on her children's
 ear,
 South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole
 land answered, "Here!"
 For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the
 sailor's song
 Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet
 with wrong,
 Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on
 the decks they trod,
 Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of their
 country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
 To carry the heart of a people to the uttermost ends of
 sea,
 To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in
 wait,
 To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across
 the strait:—
 But better the golden evening when the ships round heads
 for home,
 And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of
 seething foam,
 And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men
 who win!
 Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the
 great gray ships come in!

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

From "The Garden of Years," by permission of the Publishers,
 G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York; also of Messrs.
 Harper & Brothers, New York.

BALLAD OF PACO TOWN

[Final peace terms with Spain ceded the Philippine Islands to the United States on payment of \$20,000,000. But the Filipinos, who had hated Spain, hated any master, and fought America—not knowing that it was as school-master she kept possession, to fit them for independence. The fighting continued over five years, but finally ended. Many heroic deeds were done, and their tales told, but one must suffice us here.]

In Paco town and in Paco tower,
At the height of the tropic noonday hour,
Some Tagal riflemen, half a score,
Watched the length of the highway o'er,
And when to the front the troopers spurred,
Whiz-z! whiz-z! how the Mausers whirred!

From the opposite walls, through crevice and crack,
Volley on volley went ringing back
Where a band of regulars tried to drive
The stinging rebels out of their hive;
“Wait till our cannon come, and then,”
Cried a captain, striding among his men,
“We’ll settle that bothersome buzz and drone
With a merry little tune of our own!”

The sweltering breezes seemed to swoon,
And down the *calle* the thickening flames
Licked the roofs in the tropic noon.
Then through the crackle and glare and heat,
And the smoke and the answering acclaims
Of the rifles, far up the village street
Was heard the clatter of horses’ feet,
And a band of signal-men swung in sight,
Hasting back from the ebbing fight
That had swept away to the left and right.

"Ride!" yelled the regulars, all aghast,
And over the heads of the signal-men,
As they whirled in desperate gallop past,
The bullets a vicious music made,
Like the whistle and whine of the midnight blast
On the weltering wastes of the ocean when
The breast of the deep is scourged and flayed.

It chanced in the line of the fiercest fire
A rebel bullet had clipped the wire
That led, from the front and the fighting, down
To those that stayed in Manila town;
This gap arrested the watchful eye
Of one of the signal-men galloping by,
And straightway, out of the plunge and press,
He reined his horse with a swift caress
And a word in the ear of the rushing steed;
Then back with never a halt nor heed
Of the swarming bullets he rode, his goal
The parted wire and the slender pole
That stood where the deadly tower looked down
On the rack and ruin of Paco town.

Out of his saddle he sprang as gay
As a school-boy taking a holiday;
Wire in hand up the pole he went
With never a glance at the tower, intent
Only on what he saw appear
As the line of his duty plain and clear.
To the very crest he climbed, and there,
While the bullets buzzed in the scorching air,
Clipped his clothing, and scored and stung
The slender pole-top to which he clung,
Made the wire that was severed sound,
Slipped in his careless way to the ground,
Sprang to the back of his horse, and then
Was off, this bravest of signal-men.

Cheers for the hero!¹ While such as he,
Heedless alike of wounds and scars,
Fight for the dear old Stripes and Stars,
Down through the years to us shall be
Ever and ever the victory!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

By kind permission of the Author.

¹ Lieutenant Charles E. Kilbourne, Jr.

THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA

God is shaping the great future of the Islands of the Sea ;
He has sown the blood of martyrs and the fruit is liberty ;
In thick clouds and in darkness He has sent abroad His
word ;

He has given a haughty nation to the cannon and the
sword.

He has seen a people moaning in the thousand deaths
they die ;

He has heard from child and woman a terrible dark cry ;
He has given the wasted talent of the steward faithless
found

To the youngest of the nations with His abundance
crowned.

He called her to do justice where none but she had
power ;

He called her to do mercy to her neighbor at the door ;
He called her to do vengeance for her own sons foully
dead ;

Thrice did He call unto her ere she inclined her head.

She has gathered the vast Midland, she has searched her
borders round ;

There has been a mighty hosting of her children on the
ground ;

Her search-lights lie along the sea, her guns are loud on
land ;

To do her will upon the earth her armies round her stand.

The fleet, at her commandment, to either ocean turns ;
Belted around the mighty world her line of battle burns ;
She has loosed the hot volcanoes of the ships of flaming
hell ;

With fire and smoke and earthquake shock her heavy
vengeance fell.

O joyfullest May morning when before our guns went
down

The Inquisition · priesthood and the dungeon-making
crown,

While through red lights of battle our starry dawn burst
out,

Swift as the tropic sunrise that doth with glory shout!

Be jubilant, free Cuba, our feet are on thy soil;

Up mountain road, through jungle growth, our bravest
for thee toil;

There is no blood so precious as their wounds pour forth
for thee;

Sweet be thy joys, free Cuba,—sorrows have made thee
free.

Nor Thou, O noble Nation, who wast so slow to wrath,
With grief too heavy-laden follow in duty's path;

Not for ourselves our lives are; not for Thyself art
Thou;

The Star of Christian Ages is shining on Thy brow.

Rejoice, O mighty Mother, that God hath chosen Thee

To be the western warder of the Islands of the Sea;

He lifteth up, He casteth down, He is the King of Kings,

Whose dread commands o'er awe-struck lands are borne
on eagle's wings.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

By kind permission of the author.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

[At the Pan-American Exposition (May, 1901), Buffalo, N. Y. President William McKinley, who made an address there on September 5, was shot by an assassin, in line to take his hand during a popular reception. He died, September 14, widely lamented.]

His work is done, his toil is o'er;
 A martyr for our land he fell—
 The land he loved, that loved him well;
 Honor his name for evermore!

Let all the world its tribute pay,
 For glorious shall be his renown;
 Though duty's was his only crown,
 Yet duty's path is glory's way.

For he was great without pretence;
 A man of whom none whispered shame,
 A man who knew nor guile nor blame;
 Good in his every influence.

On battle-field, in council hall,
 Long years with sterling service rife
 He gave us, and at last his life—
 Still unafraid at duty's call.

Let the last solemn pageant move,
 The nation's grief to consecrate
 To him struck down by maniac hate
 Amid a mighty nation's love;

And though the thought it solace gives,
 Beside the martyr's grave to-day
 We feel 't is almost hard to say:
 "God reigns and the Republic lives!"

RICHARD HANDFIELD TITHERINGTON.

By kind permission of the Author.

PANAMA

[Theodore Roosevelt—succeeding McKinley as President—was a virile man of many prompt deeds. Congress in 1902, for \$40,000,000, bought out a French company failing to complete a canal across the Isthmus of Darien to Panama. Roosevelt sought from the Republic of Colombia, of which Panama was a State, permission to construct the canal. Colombia made difficulties; Panama revolted, seceded, and set up an independent republic, which Roosevelt quickly recognized, effected with it a Canal treaty, and Congress authorized the construction. It was opened to navigation August 15, 1914. Meanwhile, its great significance was widely extolled.]

Here the oceans twain have waited
All the ages to be mated,—
Waited long and waited vainly,
Though the script was written plainly:
“This, the portal of the sea,
Opes for him who holds the key;
Here the empire of the earth
Waits in patience for its birth.”

But the Spanish monarch, dimly
Seeing little, answered grimly:
“North and South the land is Spain’s,
As God gave it, it remains.
He who seeks to break the tie,
By mine honor, he shall die!”

So the centuries rolled on,
And the gift of great Colon,
Like a spendthrift’s heritage,
Dwindled slowly, age by age,
Till the flag of red and gold
Fell from hands unnerved and old,
And the granite-pillared gate
Waited still the key of fate.

Who shall hold that magic key
But the child of destiny,
In whose veins has mingled long
All the best blood of the strong?
He who takes his place by grace
Of no single tribe or race,
But by many a rich bequest
From the bravest and the best.
Sentinel of duty, here
Must he guard a hemisphere.

Let the old world keep its ways;
Naught to him its blame or praise;
Naught its greed, or hate, or fear;
For all swords be sheathèd here.

Yea, the gateway shall be free
Unto all, from sea to sea;
And no fratricidal slaughter
Shall defile its sacred water;
But the hand that ope'd the gate
shall forever hold the key!

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

From "Ballads of Blue Water," by permission of the Pilot Publishing Company, and by courtesy of Arthur Somers Roche, for the Author.

HYMN OF THE WEST

[The purchase of the vast Northwestern territory of Louisiana from France in 1804 was commemorated in 1904 by a great Exposition at St. Louis, opened with a choral singing of Stedman's "Hymn." That acquisition, the gaining of California in 1846, the Atlantic Cable in 1866, purchase of Alaska in 1867, Pacific Railroad completion in 1869, taking over Hawaii, Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines in 1908, and the spreading of civilization across the Continent within the century, created a republican Empire such as the world had never seen before.]

O Thou, whose glorious orbs on high
 Engird the earth with splendor round,
 From out thy secret place draw nigh
 The courts and temples of this ground;
 Eternal Light,
 Fill with thy might
 These domes that in thy purpose grew,
 And lift a nation's heart anew!

Illumine Thou each pathway here,
 To show the marvels God hath wrought!
 Since first thy people's chief and seer
 Looked up with that prophetic thought,
 Bade Time unroll
 The fateful scroll,
 And empire unto Freedom gave
 From cloudland height to tropic wave.
 Poured through the gateways of the North
 Thy mighty rivers join their tide,
 And, on thy wings of morn sent forth,
 Their mists the far-off peaks divide.
 By Thee unsealed,
 The mountains yield
 Ores that the wealth of Ophir shame,
 And gems enwrought of seven-hued flame.

Lo, through what years the soil hath lain
At thine own time to give increase—
The greater and the lesser grain,
The ripening boll, the myriad fleece!
Thy creatures graze
Appointed ways;
League after league across the land
The ceaseless herds obey thy hand.

Thou, whose high archways shine most clear,
Above the plenteous Western plain,
Thine ancient tribes from round the sphere
To breathe its quickening air are fain:
And smiles the sun
To see made one
Their brood throughout Earth's greenest space,
Land of the new and lordlier race!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

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THOSE REBEL FLAGS

DISCUSSED BY "ONE OF THE YANKS"

[The growing harmony between North and South—especially after the war with Spain—resulted in the vote of Congress (February, 1905) confirming a general desire to return to Southern States the captured battle-flags held in the North.]

Shall we send back the Johnnies their bunting,
 In token, from Blue to the Gray,
 That "Brothers-in-blood" and "Good Hunting"
 Shall be our new watchword to-day?
 In olden times knights held it knightly
 To return to brave foemen the sword;
 Will the Stars and the Stripes gleam less brightly
 If the old Rebel flags are restored?

Call it sentiment, call it misguided
 To fight to the death for "a rag";
 Yet, trailed in the dust, derided,
 The true soldier still loves his flag!
 Does love die, and must honor perish
 When colors and causes are lost?
 Lives the soldier who ceases to cherish
 The blood-stains and valor they cost?

Our battle-fields, safe in the keeping
 Of Nature's kind, fostering care,
 Are blooming,—our heroes are sleeping,—
 And peace broods perennial there.
 All over our land rings the story
 Of loyalty, fervent and true;
 "One flag," and that flag is "Old Glory,"
 Alike for the Gray and the Blue.

Why cling to those moth-eaten banners?
 What glory or honor to gain
 While the nation is shouting hosannas,
 Uniting her sons to fight Spain?

Time is ripe, and the harvest worth reaping,
 Send the Johnnies their flags f. o. b.,
 Address to the care and safe-keeping
 Of that loyal "old Reb," Fitzhugh Lee!

Yes, send back the Johnnies their bunting,
 With greetings from Blue to the Gray;
 We are "Brothers-in-blood," and "Good Hunting"
 Is America's watchword to-day.

JOHN HOWARD JEWETT.

From "Friends of the Hunted," by kind permission of the
 Author.

THE POLAR QUEST

[Written years before the actual finding of the North Pole by Admiral Robert E. Peary on April 6, 1909; but graphically shows the spirit of that bold undertaking.]

Unconquerably, men venture on the quest
And seek an ocean amplitude unsailed,
Cold, virgin, awful. Scorning ease and rest,
And heedless of the heroes who have failed,
They face the ice-floes with a dauntless zest.

The polar quest! Life's offer to the strong!
To pass beyond the pale, to do and dare,
Leaving a name that stirs us like a song.
And making captive some strange Otherwhere,
Though grim the conquest, and the labor long.

Forever courage kindles, faith moves forth
To find the mystic floodway of the North.

RICHARD BURTON.

From "Lyrics of Brotherhood," by kind permission of the Author.

NATIONAL SONG

America, my own!

Thy spacious grandeurs rise
 Faming the proudest zone
 Pavilioned by the skies;
 Day's flying glory breaks
 Thy vales and mountains o'er
 And gilds thy streams and lakes
 From ocean shore to shore.

Praised be thy wood and wold,
 Thy corn and wine and flocks,
 The yellow blood of gold
 Drained from thy cañon rocks;
 Thy trains that shake the land,
 Thy ships that plough the main,
 Triumphant cities grand
 Roaring with noise of gain.

Earth's races look to Thee:
 The peoples of the world
 Thy risen splendors see
 And thy wide flag unfurled;
 Thy sons, in peace or war,
 That emblem who behold,
 Bless every shining star,
 Cheer every streaming fold!

Float high, O gallant flag,
 O'er Carib Isles of palm,
 O'er bleak Alaskan crag,
 O'er far-off lone Guam;
 Where Mauna Loa pours
 Black thunder from the deeps;
 O'er Mindanao's shores,
 O'er Luzon's coral steep.

Float high, and be the sign
Of love and brotherhood,—
The pledge, by right divine
Of Power, to do good;
For aye and everywhere,
On continent and wave,
Omnipotent to dare,
Imperial to save!

WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE.

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VI

THE WORLD WAR: OUTLOOK

WILD WEATHER

A great wind sweeps
Across the world, hurling to heaps
Of gilded rubbish crowns and thrones, mere gleam
And flicker of dry leaves in its fierce path,
A wind whose very wrath
Springs from white Alpine crests of thought and dream.

What sword can quell
An unleashed tempest, and compel
Hush to the thunder, patience to the storm?
The maddened blast that buffets sea and land
Blows under high command,
Rending and riving only to transform.

May its wild wings
Burst the old tanglement of things,
Those withered vines and brambles that enmesh
The leaping foot! May its rough flail destroy
Hedges that limit joy,
Leaving, like rain, a silvery earth and fresh!

Faith shall not quail
For broken branches. Of the gale
Time is a strong corival and will win;
When hurricane has done its dread behest,
And forests are at rest,
His quiet hand will lead the sunshine in.

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

From the *Boston Evening Transcript* of Nov. 23, 1918, with permission of that journal and by courtesy of the Author.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

It is portentous, and a thing of state
 That here at midnight, in our little town
 A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
 Near the old court-house and pacing up and down,

Or, by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
 He lingers where his children used to play
 Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
 He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
 A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
 Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
 The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
 He is among us;—as in times before!
 And we who toss and lie awake for long
 Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
 Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
 Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
 Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
 He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
 He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
 The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
 Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:
 The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
 Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY.

From "The Congo and Other Poems," by permission of the Author and of the Macmillan Company. Originally published in *The Independent*, Feb. 15, 1919.

THE BEACON LIGHT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

[Austria's war declaration against little Serbia over a police matter, July 28, 1914, and Germany's instant attack on Russia and through Belgium on France, showed the plot for the Great War. Britain entered, to redeem Belgian neutrality, and to help France. The American Government held aloof, except for protests, hoping to keep out; but the people grew furious over submarine outrages, Roosevelt and others demanded preparation and participation, and on April 6, 1917, at the request of President Wilson, Congress declared war—arousing joy in England and exultation here.]

In the gray dim light where Time is not,
Where star dust falls and dreams arise,
A fearless soul winged its earthward flight
And clove the space that veils the skies.

When His mighty plan unfolded slow
And the rage of battle shook the world—
When the seas were strewn with wrecks and blood
And the flags of Right were almost furled—
A voice rang out through the night of flame
That wrapped the earth where death light shone,
And called to men to awake, to fight,
To pledge their lives to protect their own.
From sunlit plains in the golden West
Where tall grass creeps to the river's side,
From snow-hung pines to the purple gulf
The nation rose like a human tide.
In that twilight realm where star dust falls,
That fearless soul stands guard, alone;
While his message flames, a beacon light:
Protect this land that is your own.

MURRAY KETCHAM KIRK.

From the *Ladies' Home Journal*, April, 1920, by courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers.

AMERICA RESURGENT

[When the United States had broken diplomatic relations with Germany, to become an associate in the war.]

She is risen from the dead!
 Loose the tongue and lift the head;
 Let the sons of light rejoice.
 She has heard the challenge clear;
 She has answered, "I am here";
 She has made the stainless choice.

Bound with iron and with gold—
 But her limbs they could not hold
 When the word of words was spoken;
 Freedom calls—
 The prison walls
 Tumble, and the bolts are broken!

Hail her! She is ours again—
 Hope and heart of harassed men
 And the tyrants' doom and terror.
 Send abroad the old alarms;
 Call to arms, to arms, to arms,
 Hands of doubt and feet of error!

Cheer her! She is free at last,
 With her back upon the past,
 With her foot upon the bars.
 Hosts of freedom sorely prest,
 Lo, a light is in the West,
 And a helmet full of Stars!

WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD.

By kind permission of the Author.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE TO THE ALLIES

If they tell you that we hold
 Right and wrong are much the same:
 That with equal share of blame
 The defender of the fold
 And the ravening wolf we name—
 Don't believe it!

If they tell you that we think,
 When the robber comes by night
 And we see 'neath murderous Might
 Innocence unfriended sink,
 We should be "too proud to fight"—
 Don't believe it!

If they tell you we are cold
 When strong men, and maids as brave,
 May not life from bondage save—
 We who gave unstinted gold,
 And our heart's blood, for the slave!—
 Don't believe it!

If—O gallant souls and true!—
 If they tell you we judge well
 Ways of Heaven and ways of Hell:
 That the honor dear to you
 Also in our souls doth dwell—
 Oh, believe it!

If they tell you our heart's cry:
 That, whate'er the danger near,
 One, one only loss we fear;
 And are ready, too, to die
 For the things that you hold dear—
 Oh, believe it!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

By kind permission of the Author.

THE ROAD TO FRANCE

[Prize poem (1917) chosen from some 4,000 entries, by the National Arts Club, New York.]

Thank God, our liberating lance
 Goes flaming on the way to France!
 To France—the trail the Gurkhas found;
 To France—old England's rallying-ground!
 To France—the path the Russians strode!
 To France—the Anzac's glory road!
 To France—where our Lost Legion ran
 To fight and die for God and man!
 To France—with every race and breed
 That hates Oppression's brutal creed!

Ah, France, how could our hearts forget
 The path by which came Lafayette?
 How could the haze of doubt hang low
 Upon the road of Rochambeau?
 How was it that we missed the way
 Brave Joffre leads along today?
 At last, thank God! At last, we see
 There is no tribal Liberty!
 No beacon lighting just our shores,
 No Freedom guarding but our doors.
 The flame she kindled for our sires
 Burns now in Europe's battle-fires.
 The soul that led our fathers west
 Turns back to free the world oppress.

Allies, you have not called in vain;
 We share your conflict and your pain.
 "Old Glory," through new stains and rents,
 Partakes of Freedom's sacraments.
 Into that hell his will creates
 We drive the foe—his lusts, his hates.

Last come, we will be last to stay,
Till Right has had her crowning day.
Replenish, comrades, from our veins
The blood the sword of despot drains,
And make our eager sacrifice
Part of the freely rendered price
You pay to lift humanity—
You pay to make our brothers free.
See, with what proud hearts we advance
To France!

DANIEL MACINTYRE HENDERSON.

From "Life's Minstrel: A Book of Verse." E. P. Dutton & Company; by kind permission of the Author and the Publishers.

THE NEW CRUSADE

Life is a trifle;
 Honor is all;
 Shoulder the rifle;
 Answer the call.
"A nation of traders"!
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

Battle is tragic;
 Battle shall cease;
 Ours is the magic
 Mission of Peace.

Gladly we barter
 Gold of our youth
 For Liberty's charter
 Blood-sealed in truth.
"A nation of traders"!
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

Sons of the granite,
 Strong be our stroke,
 Making this planet
 Safe for the folk.

Life is but passion,
 Sunshine on dew.
 Forward to fashion
 The old world anew!
"A nation of traders"!
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

From "The Retinue," by permission of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company, and the courtesy of the Author.

IN HONOR OF AMERICA

[In antithesis to Rossetti's "On the Refusal of Aid Between Nations."]

Not that the earth is changing, O my God!
 Not that her brave democracies take heart
 To share, to rule her treasure, to impart
 The wine to those who long the wine-press trod;
 Not therefor trust we that beneath Thy nod,
 Thy silent benediction, even now
 In gratitude so many nations bow.
 So many poor: not therefor, O my God!

But because living men for dying man
 Go to a million deaths, to deal one blow;
 And justice speaks one great compassionate tongue;
 And nation unto nation calls "One clan
 We succorers are, one tribe!" By this we know
 Our earth holds confident, steadfast, being young.

ALICE MEYNELL.

The Times, London.

THE MESSAGE

Great documents our chronicles afford
Since the low cabin of the *Mayflower*
Drew the first instrument: and human power
Ne'er found a seat so firm, so long a sword,
As issued thence, clothed in the Written Word,
Which then began in time its Sovereign hour:
Whatever storm may rise or tempest lower,
Through lengthening ages is that still voice heard.

Jefferson with that might breathed forth the State;
Washington thus moulded its policy;
Lincoln beheld the wilderness grow great,
And with his pen filled it with liberty;
Now is our message to all nations sent:
Go forth, sweet gospel, Freedom's argument.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

From "The Roamer," by permission of Messrs. Brace, Harcourt and Company, and the courtesy of the Author.

SONG FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN

The kind men, my brothers, are going away to fight
 In the red fields of Flanders, where bones bleach white,
 On the rough English waters, with their terrible chance,
 In the brave air that blows above the sad land of France.

And the kind men, my brothers, will never, never know
 Of the thanks I would give; with a smile they must go,
 With a rough word spoken, and a quick Yankee jest,
 And night by night I think of them, long before I rest.

For they are my brothers, and I am their kin,
 Man of money, man of God, and weary man of sin,
 Lumberjack and grocerman and carrier of the hod,
 And those who get our food for us by breaking the sod.

Little clerks who spend the days counting with a pen,
 Factory hands putty-pale, and ruddy Western men
 From the ranges and the ranches, the forest and the sea,
 For all have been chivalrous as kinsmen to me.

When I have been weary, they have shortened the way,
 They have stood that I might rest at the end of the day,
 They have lifted my burdens that my strength might not
 fail,
 They have told me their wisdom like a quaint old tale.

Oh, how can I honor them with a woman's praise?
 The men of my country, who are guarding the ways
 To the goals most holy that the clean nations seek—
 Oh, how can I honor them, and what can I speak?

For the red fields of Flanders and the valleys of France
 And the rough English waters with their terrible chance
 Are claiming my brothers, and bravely they go,
 And the thanks I would offer them they never, never
 know.

Words are too weak for the weight of my pain,
Words are too poor, I would praise them in vain;
For the dear land they love, and for the cause they
glorify,
The kind men, my brothers, are going away to die.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

By kind permission of the Author and of the *New York Times*.

A SOLDIER

1918

Dear God, I raised my boy to be a soldier;
I tried to make him strong of will and true;
I told him many a tale of deeds heroic—
The noblest and the sweetest tales I knew.

In thought, he shared the charge at Balaclava,
With the Swiss Guard, o'ermastered coward Death,
With Gordon all renounced, with Scott and Peary
Breathed in his ardent youth heroic breath.

A little lad, he wept for wounded Sidney,
For Bayard, sans reproche, who knew no fears,
Yet, hurt himself, if one but said,—“My Soldier!”—
Straightway he smiled and swallowed down his tears.

I taught him that the brave are full of mercy;
That gentleness and love to strength belong;
That honor is the only High adventure,
And goodness the one everlasting song!

And so I raised my boy to be a soldier:
A patriot soldier, brave, devoted, free!
And now, and now,—with grateful trust, O Father!
I give him to my Country and to Thee!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

From *The Bellman*, by kind permission of the Author.

THE LITTLE STAR IN THE WINDOW

[The accredited emblem of a member of the family absent, with the army.]

There's a little star in the window of the house across the way,

A little star, red bordered, on a ground of pearly white;

I can see its gleam at evening; it is bright at dawn of day,
And I know it has been shining through the long and dismal night.

The folks who pass the window on the busy city street,
I often notice, turn a glance before they hurry by,
And one, a gray haired woman, made curtsy, low and sweet,

While something like a teardrop was glistening in her eye.

And yesterday an aged man, by life's stern battle spent,
His empty coat sleeve hanging down, a witness sadly mute,

Gave one swift look and halted—his form full height, unbent—

And ere he passed his hand came up in soldierly salute.

The little star in the window is aflame with living fire,
For it was lit at the hearthstone where a lonely mother waits;

And she has stained its crimson with the glow of her heart's desire,

And brightened its pearl-white heaven beyond the world's dark hates.

The star shall shine through the battle when the shafts of death are hurled;

It shall shine through the long night watches in the foremost trenches' line;

Over the waste of waters, and beyond the verge of the world,

Like the guiding Star of the Magi its blessed rays shall shine.

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The little star in the window shall beacon your boy's
return

As his eyes are set to the homeland, when the call of
the guns shall cease;

In the Flag's high constellation through the ages it shall
burn,

A pledge of his heart's devotion, a sign of his people's
peace.

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

By kind permission of the Author, and of the Sun-Herald Corporation for the *New York Sun*.

TO GENERAL PERSHING

[The officer commanding the American Expeditionary Forces in France was Major-General John J. Pershing, of the United States Army, a seasoned soldier. From small beginnings he organized the great army as it arrived, and finally led them to a brilliant share in the glories of victory.]

You led our sons across the haunted flood
 Into the Canaan of their high desire—
 No milk and honey there, but tears and blood
 Flowed where the hosts of evil trod in fire,
 And left a worse than desert where they passed.
 Your eyes were clear to see the snares that lay
 Before those boyish feet that marched so fast—
 Your heart and hands were strong to clean the way.
 Charged with great cares, your soul did not forget
 The anxious women here across the sea.
 As might a father for his own, you met
 And fought an older foe than Germany.
 Now, now at last, back from the silenced guns,
 Crowned by our blessings you shall lead our sons.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

By kind permission of the Author, and of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, in which the poem appeared, November 23, 1918.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

[Written in 1916 by a young American who, in September, 1914, being in France, had joined the Foreign Legion there. He was killed in action at Belloy-en-Santerre, on July 4, 1916.]

I have a rendezvous with Death
 At some disputed barricade;
 When Spring comes back with rustling shade
 And apple blossoms fill the air—
 I have a rendezvous with Death
 When Spring brings back blue days and fair.
 It may be he shall take my hand
 And lead me into his dark land,
 And close my eyes and quench my breath—
 It may be I shall pass him still.
 I have a rendezvous with Death
 On some scarred slope of battered hill,
 When Spring comes round again this year
 And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
 Pillowed on silk and scented down,
 Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
 Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
 Where hushed awakenings are dear—
 But I've a rendezvous with Death,
 At midnight in some flaming town,
 When Spring trips north again this year,
 And I to my pledged word am true,
 I shall not fail that rendezvous.

ALAN SEEGER.

By permission from "Poems by Alan Seeger."
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AMERICA'S ANSWER

*Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.*

JOHN McCRAE.

Rest ye in Peace, ye Flanders dead;
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up and we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep.

Fear not that ye have died for naught—
The torch ye threw to us we caught;
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die;
We've learned the lesson that you taught
In Flanders fields.

R. W. LILLARD.

From "Memorial Day Suggestions," edited by Miss Bessie Bacon Goodrich, by courtesy of the Editor and of the State Normal School, Johnson, Vt.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

As falls the fragment of a mighty star
Into the night, where all was dark before ;
A brilliant flash attracting men afar,
Seen but a moment, to be seen no more ;
So, in the sky, this youthful warrior bold,
Outlined a brilliant course before he fell,
Turning a silver star to one of gold,
A star to be remembered long and well.
What matters that the fitful course was brief
And vanished swiftly in eternal night ?
In such a fall there is no cause for grief,
For souls like these leave trails of golden light.
He spread the glory of his country's fame,
And added luster to a noble name.

LEON HUHNER.

From the *Current History Magazine*, January, 1919, by courtesy
of the Author.

THE RAINDROPS ON YOUR OLD TIN HAT

[Written by Lieut. J. Hunter Wickersham, 353d Infantry, 89th Division, on the eve of the St. Mihiel attack, and inclosed in his last letter to his mother, Mrs. Mary E. Damon, of Denver, Col. Lieut. Wickersham was killed the following day, September 12, 1918, near Limey, in an exploit which won for him the posthumous award of the Congressional Medal of Honor.]

The mist hangs low and quiet on a ragged line of hills,
There's a whispering of wind across the flat,
You'd be feeling kind of lonesome if it wasn't for one
thing—

The patter of the raindrops on your old tin hat.

An' you can't help a-figuring—sitting there alone—

About this war and hero stuff and that,
And you wonder if they haven't sort of got things twisted
up,

While the rain keeps up its patter on your old tin hat.

When you step off with the outfit to do your little bit

You're simply doing what you're s'posed to do—
And you don't take time to figure what you gain or lose—
It's the spirit of the game that brings you through.

But back at home she's waiting, writing cheerful little
notes,

And every night she offers up a prayer
And just keeps on a-hoping that her soldier boy is safe—
The Mother of the boy who's over there.

And, fellows, she's the hero of this great, big ugly war,
And her prayer is on the wind across the flat,
And don't you reckon maybe it's her tears, and not the
rain,

That's keeping up the patter on your old tin hat?

J. HUNTER WICKERSHAM.

By courtesy of the *American Legion Weekly*.

JUST THINKIN'

[The issue of the American war paper, "The Stars and Stripes," in France during the last years of the fighting, was a genuine inspiration—edited, written and printed by soldiers for soldiers. The two following pieces, selected from the keenly interesting book—"Yanks A.E.F. Verse," by permission of the Publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons—of poems originally printed in "The Army Poets" column, show something of the spirit evoked in brave men under discomforts, perils, and death in the field of active war.]

Standing up here on the fire-step,
 Lookin' ahead in the mist,
 With a tin hat over your ivory
 And a rifle clutched in your fist;
 Waitin' and watchin' and wond'rin'
 If the Hun's comin' over to-night—
 Say, ain't the things you think of
 Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of
 For a couple o' months or more;
 Things that 'ull set you laughin',
 Things that 'ull make you sore;
 Things that you saw in the movies,
 Things that you saw on the street,
 Things that you're really proud of,
 Things that are—not so sweet.

Debts that are past collectin',
 Stories you hear and forget,
 Ball games and birthday parties,
 Hours of drill in the wet;
 Headlines, recruitin' posters,
 Sunsets 'way out at sea,
 Evenings of pay days—golly,
 It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in Homeburg
 Voices of women folk,
 Verses you learnt in schooldays
 Pop up in the mist and smoke,
 As you stand there, grippin' that rifle,
 A-starin', and chilled to the bone,
 Wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin',
 Just thinkin' there—all alone!

When will the war be over?
 When will the gang break through?
 What will the U. S. look like?
 What will there be to do?
 Where will the Boches be then?
 Who will have married Nell?
 When's that relief a-comin' up?
 Gosh! But this thinkin's hell!

HUDSON HAWLEY, Pvt., M.G. Bn.

Yanks A.E.F. Verse.

THE WOOD CALLED ROUGE-BOUQUET

[Dedicated to the memory of 19 members of Co. E, 165th Infantry, who made the supreme sacrifice at Rouge-Bouquet, Forest of Parroy, France, March 7; read by the chaplain at the funeral, the refrain echoing the music of Taps from a distant grove.]

I

In the woods they call Rouge-Bouquet
 There is a new-made grave today,
 Built by never a spade or pick,
 Yet covered with earth ten metres thick.

There lie many fighting men,
 Dead in their youthful prime,
 Never to laugh or live again
 Or taste of the summer time;

For death came flying through the air
 And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
 Touched his prey—
 And left them there—
 Clay to clay.
 He hid their bodies stealthily
 In the soil of the land they sought to free,
 And fled away.

Now over the grave, abrupt and clear,
 Three volleys ring;
 And perhaps their brave young spirits hear:
 Go to sleep—
 Go to sleep—

(Taps sounding in distance.)

II

There is on earth no worthier grave
 To hold the bodies of the brave
 Than this spot of pain and pride
 Where they nobly fought and nobly died.

Never fear but in the skies
 Saints and angels stand,
 Smiling with their holy eyes
 On this new-come band.

St. Mihiel's sword darts through the air
 And touches the aureole on his hair,
 As he sees them stand saluting there
 His stalwart sons;
 And Patrick, Bridget, and Columbkil
 Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
 The Gael's blood runs

And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
 From the woods called Rouge-Bouquet,
 A delicate sound of bugle notes
 That softly say:
 Farewell—
 Farewell—
 (*Taps sounding in distance.*)

L'ENVOI

Comrades true,
 Born anew,
 Peace to you;
 Your souls shall be where the heroes are,
 And your memory shine like the morning star,
 Brave and dear,
 Shield us here—
 Farewell!

JOYCE KILMER, Sgt., Inf.
 Killed in action, July 30, 1918.

Yanks A.E.F. Verse, with permissions above noted, and of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (Copyright, 1918), the George H. Doran Company (Copyright, 1919), and the courtesy of Mrs. Aline (Joyce) Kilmer.

AN AMERICAN ACE

Tell me, who are you, Dead Man, Dead Man—
 Flung by on the rain and the wind?
 Has wrath so wizened your pallid lips,
 Or scarlet sins you have sinned?

*They caught me on the edge of night,
 As Belgium's borders glimmered white
 And her windmills groaned in the ghostly light;
 They crushed my wings in the midst of flight—
 That was not I.*

From your tumble, from your headlong race,
 The blood drips back down your hueless face.

*Not from my fall—from the whip-cord's sting—
 They beat me with belts round their jeering ring;
 My weary feet went zigzagging;
 I felt the blood through my blank brain sing—
 That was not I.*

*They stood me up against a wall,
 I watched six drunken soldiers crawl;
 I heard the brutal sergeant bawl;
 I blinked at the spot where I must fall—
 That was not I.*

Your face isn't numb—it has boldness—glow—
 It gleams with the anger angels know.

You leap like a shaft from a twanging bow, Dead Man.

*They reckoned I'd my message sell;
 They offered life. Before I fell
 I answered with a furious yell,
 And bade them straightway "Go to Hell!"—
 And—That was I.*

JAMES CHURCH ALVORD.

From *Everybody's Magazine*, October, 1918, by permission of the
 Publishers and the courtesy of the Author.

ICARUS

FRANK PLANT M'CREERY

United States Air Service, 1918

O Icarus, incarnate soul of flight,
 Insatiate of swiftness and of height,
 Fit comrade of the lark whose heart of fire
 Springs up ecstatic in a wild desire
 To quench the sun with song! To thee the sky
 Was home, the winds that laugh so sweet on high
 Gave eager welcome to thy kindred soul
 And thou, as Heaven itself had been thy goal,
 Up, up, and up in joyous fearlessness
 Wast wont to circle. Who can ever guess
 What blithe companionship with voiceless space
 Was thine in that free solitary race—
 What jocund converse with the sun by day
 And with the stars upon the milky way
 When thou wouldst seek for stardust at its source
 And fragrant night was cold about thy course?
 Flying itself was very life to thee,
 So dear that nothing but eternity
 Could tempt thee from it. Now thy flight is o'er.
 The summer sky shall never see thee more
 After that day when from a cloudy rift
 Thou divedst down to soar again more swift
 Than ever man has flown, in Heaven's light
 To satiate thy soul with perfect height,
 O Icarus—thou disembodied flight!

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER.

From "Spires and Poplars," Yale University Press, by kind permission of the Author and the Publishers.

THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS

Wherever war, with its red woes,
 Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,
 There, too, go I;
 If earth in any quarter quakes
 Or pestilence its ravage makes,
 Thither I fly.

I kneel behind the soldier's trench,
 I walk 'mid shambles' smear and stench,
 The dead I mourn;
 I bear the stretcher and I bend
 O'er Fritz and Pierre and Jack to mend
 What shells have torn.

I go wherever men may dare,
 I go wherever woman's care
 And love can live,
 Wherever strength and skill can bring
 Surcease to human suffering,
 Or solace give.

I helped upon Haldora's shore;
 With Hospitaller Knights I bore
 The first red cross;
 I was the Lady of the Lamp;
 I saw in Solferino's camp
 The crimson loss.

I am your pennies and young pounds;
 I am your bodies on their rounds
 Of pain afar;
 I am you, doing what you would
 If you were only where you could—
 Your avatar.

The cross which on my arm I wear,
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
 Is but the sign
Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
 Of War's red line.

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY.

By permission of the American Red Cross.

THE FLAG IN BELGIUM

We stood on Belgium's tortured soil,
War-scarred it was—blood red.
While Hunger stalked the smitten land
And widows mourned their dead;
And there was nowhere sign of hope,
And nowhere help was nigh,
Save in that spot where flew our flag,
The Stars and Stripes, on high.

Beneath it, safe protected, lay
The food by Pity sent,
And where it waved, Compassion stood
With succor for the spent.
The little children blessed the flag,
And women kissed its bars,
And men looked up, again with hope
To gaze upon its stars.

Go, trace its glories to their source
In fights by land or sea,
And tell of all that made this flag
The emblem of the free,
But nobler fight was never waged
Nor higher honor gained
Than where this flag 'gainst Famine's force
God's mercy still maintained.

WILLIAM C. EDGAR.

From "The Bellman," by kind permission of the Author.

ROOSEVELT

[*Died January 6, 1918*]

Gray is the pall of the sky,
Drear are the sea and the hill,
Bitter and shrill is the cry
Of gray gulls from the shore,
White are the blossoms of snow
Strewn in his pathway to still
Footsteps of one who would go
From his lov'd Sagamore.

Free! He has gone to his own,
Gone to the men that he knew
(He was not ours alone);
Men who were hopeful and strong,
Men who were simple and true,
Freemen who battled with wrong,
They of San Juan and Luzon,
They from the shades of Argonne,
Gather at call of the drum,
Proudly they pass in review,
Shouting, "Our Leader has come!"

Age had no rust for his blade,
Bright broke the steel in the fray.
Way for more heroes he made,
On the trail he has gone.
White are the blossoms of spring,
Blue is the arch of the day,
Young are his comrades who sing
On their march to the dawn.

ROGER STERRETT.

From the *Los Angeles (Calif.) Evening News*. By courtesy of the Author.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Gigantic figure of a mighty age!

How shall I chant the tribute of thy praise,
As statesman, soldier, scientist, or sage?

Thou wert so great in many different ways.
And yet in all there was a single aim—

To fight for truth with sword and tongue and pen!
In wilderness, as in the halls of fame,

Thy courage made thee master over men.
Like some great magnet, that from distant poles

Attracts the particles and holds them fast,
So thou didst draw all men, and fill their souls

With thy ideals—naught caring for their past,
Their race or creed. There was one only test:

To love our country and to serve it best!

LEON HUHNER.

From the *New York Times*, by kind permission of the Author
and the Publishers.

THE DAY

Not as they planned it or will plan again,
These captains whose command was forged in hell,
Not as they promised for their terrible
Obedient horde, Teuton and Saracen,
Bulgar and Slav, not as they dreamed it then,
Masters of might with sobs for pæans to swell
Their darkening sway, but like a far-off bell
Undoing might, the day has come for men.

The people's day has dawned: a deeper sky
Than any day that ever rose from sea,
And more than any captain dared is won,
And this great light that opens carries high
Justice that none had dreamed, not even we
Who still are blind awhile, facing the sun.

WITTER BYNNER.

From "Victory" (celebrated by thirty-eight American Poets),
Wm. S. Braithwaite, editor. By permission of the Author and of
Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company.

THE VETERANS

["Battleships seen yesterday and today lying off Baker's Island are among those recently taken off duty and being sent to Charles-town Navy Yard for overhauling and repair."—From a North Shore (Massachusetts) newspaper.]

Battleships off Baker's Island,
 Near our quiet little cove,
 Where the harbor gulls are flying,
 And the teal and wild duck rove.
 Swaying sleepily at anchor,
 Gentle ripples 'round them curled . . .
 Once they lay in far French waters,
 'Mid the fleets of all the world.

Once they rode the lonely ocean
 Where the billows broke like snow,
 With the rolling waste around them,
 And the lurking death below;
 Racing time and tide and terror
 And the foeman in the deep:
 Now they lie off Baker's Island,
 And the crews are all asleep.

With the convoy strung behind them,
 Through the eerie nights they crept;
 Lights were hidden, chains were muffled,
 And the watches never slept.
 How they feared the angry-churning
 Fathom length of whirling steel!—
 Now they lie off Baker's Island
 With the harbor ducks and teal.

Once they braved the stormy waters,
 When the winds were crowding high,
 And the spume on stately billows
 Swept like plumes across the sky,—

Once their bows, amid the smother,
Nosed the sullen ways of death;
Now they lie off Baker's Island,
And the breeze is scarce a breath.

But they made us paths of glory
Of those murky ocean-lanes,
And the wonder of their story
Everlastingly remains
Wilder than a Viking Saga—
Stranger than a Northland Rune—
Though they lie off Baker's Island
All this sunny afternoon.

WILL TASKER.

From the *American Legion Weekly*, Feb. 20, 1921; by kind permission of the Publishers and of the Author.

THE ALIEN

Alien, speak!
 What do you seek—
 Reign of law or revolution?
 Torch and knife,
 Lust and strife—
 Are these your plan of evolution?
 Are you "scum"?
 Do you come
 Curses at our ideals flinging?
 Tell what lies
 In your smoldering eyes;
 Alien, what are you bringing?

Nay, I mask
 No devil's task;
 Ask your Pilgrim blood what drew me!
 Ask *your* sire
 How Freedom's fire
 Flamed for him—and beckoned to me!
 Chained in tongue?
 Custom-strung?
 Prey to wild-mouthed agitation?
 Then give schools
 And hopes and tools
 For my emancipation!
 Russ, Swede, Pole?
 Nay, a soul!
 Will you succor or forsake me?
 Clay am I
 Beneath your sky;
 Come, what will you make me?

DANIEL MACINTYRE HENDERSON.

By permission of the Author and of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

ODE TO COLUMBIA

[Written in prison in Segedin.]

The old men die beholding only ruin,
 Their eyes behold no hope, no truth in life
 The young men fall away, at once or slowly,
 Even the strong give up the ceaseless strife;
 Only a handful still keep up the fight,
 Only a few lights burn amid the night.

Suddenly rises proudly from the ocean
 A giant woman with majestic face;
 Shining the drapery of her snowy garments,
 Her eyes like flames upon the altar place;
 Her godlike breast like marble fair to see.
 "You poor, forsaken children, come to me.

"O come; I know you bring but humble packets,
 That from your fatherland no gems you bring,
 That murderous wrath has chased you from your
 dwellings,
 From the ancestral soil to which you cling;
 No gifts I offer, but this one reward—
 Time for free work, for human rights regard."

And they, disgraced here in their native country,
 Lift up proud heads since o'er the seas they came.
 And there he speaks aloud who here was silent,
 And glories there in what he here thought shame.
 Columbia to him self-knowledge gives,
 Surprised he finds that only now he lives.

Hail to our brothers whom their stepdame cruel
 Drove from their simple huts, their native sod.
 Columbia, thou hast smitten off the fetters,
 Lifting them up to manhood, heaven, and God.
 O land of Christopher, may Christ repay
 What for my brothers poor thou dost to-day.

HURBAN VAJANSKY.

From "Our Slavic Fellow Citizens," by Emily Greene Balch.
 Used by permission of the translator, Professor Balch.

DEMOS

I

All you that are enamored of my name
 And least intent on what most I require,
 Beware; for my design and your desire,
 Deplorably, are not as yet the same.
 Beware, I say, the failure and the shame
 Of losing that for which you now aspire
 So blindly, and of hazarding entire
 The gift that I was bringing when I came.

Give as I will, I cannot give you sight
 Whereby to see that with you there are some
 To lead you, and be led. But they are dumb
 Before the wrangling and the shrill delight
 Of your deliverance that has not come,
 And shall not, if I fail you—as I might.

II

So little have you seen of what awaits
 Your fevered glimpse of a democracy
 Confused and foiled with an equality
 Not equal to the envy it creates,
 That you see not how near you are the gates
 Of an old king who listens fearfully
 To you that are outside and are to be
 The noisy lords of imminent estates.

Rather be then your prayer for what you have
 Than what your power denies you, having all.
 See not the great among you for the small,
 But hear their silence; for the few shall save
 The many, or the many are to fall—
 Still to be wrangling in a noisy grave.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

By permission of the *North American Review* and the courtesy
 of the Author.

YOU TALK OF THIS AND THAT

You talk of this and that, of that and this:
Have you ever tried, since you've been over here,
Just being a plain American, my friend?

Have you ever lived in one of our little towns,
Worked side by side with fellow-citizens,
And shared the ups and downs of life with them?
Have you ever honestly striven to accept
This country of ours that has accepted you?
If you have not, what right have you to speak?

Have you ever been upon our Western plains
Waving with untold miles of ripened wheat?
Have you ever seen our mountains and our farms
and forests,
Our townships and our populated cities,
Or got into the inside of our life
Built up through years of order, progress, law?
If you have not, what right have you to speak?

Do you think that what the Pilgrim Fathers sought—
Yes, sought and *found*—was sought and found in
vain?

Is Washington a myth and name to you?
Have you ever learned from Franklin's homely
wisdom,
Or from the large humanity of Lincoln,
Or studied in the school of our great men
From whom we draw our widening heritage?
If you have not, what right have you to speak?

You talk of this and that, of that and this:
Have you ever tried, since you've been over here,
Just being a plain American, my friend?
If you have not, what right have you to speak?

HARRY KEMP.

By permission of *The Outlook*, and the courtesy of the Author.

AMERICA FOR ME

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
 Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
 To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the
 kings,—
 But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

*So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
 My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
 In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean
 bars,
 Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of
 stars.*

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
 And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
 And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study
 Rome;
 But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
 I like the gardens of Versailles, with flashing fountains
 filled;
 But oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
 In the friendly Western woodland where Nature has her
 way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to
 lack:
 The Past is too much with her, and the people looking
 back.
 But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,—
 We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

*Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the rolling
sea,*

*To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the
ocean bars,*

*Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of
stars.*

HENRY VAN DYKE.

From "Poems of Henry van Dyke," by permission of Messrs.
Charles Scribner's Sons.

OUR LAND

The gift of an idealist,
 She came of vision, and the dream
 Of one who saw beyond vast waters gleam
 The light of a new world without a name:
 A gift of Life she came—
 She, the renascence from Earth's ancient woe,
 With Raphael born and Michaelangelo.

Noiseless, the patient years went by,
 And only red men cared to roam
 Her glorious streams, and call her mountains home.
 Then came to her, like pilgrims of the Grail
 Whose courage could not fail,
 Others, sad exiles, longing to be free—
 Seekers of God and human liberty!

A blessèd, blessèd Land! She gave
 Ideals, to mankind unknown,
 And toiling, taught a wondering world to own
 The dignity of toil, despised before:
 She opened a great Door;
 Enlarged the human mind, and made men see
 That he who shares his freedom is most free.

Oh, strong and beautiful and brave,—
 The Titan-Mother of the West,—
 Gathering in her arms and to her breast
 The hurt, unfriended, weary and forlorn,
 Outcast, and alien-born!
 How should the unfriended poor beyond the seas
 Not yearn to her—the new Hesperides? . . .

Full garners were her toil's reward;
 But, laboring, always she dreams.
 Mistake her not! 'Mid clouds her eagle screams,

Emblem of liberty that nothing bars,
And on her brow are stars—
Stars whose pure radiance is not all of earth,
Enkindled there where Justice had its birth.

Belovèd Land! Apart, she smiled!
But, oh! more glorious to-day,
Life's Larger Summons eager to obey,
Her strength outpoured to succor and befriend
A World, wide without end,
She waits—how yearningly!—the hour to come
When laureled Peace shall lead her heroes home!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

By permission of the Author and of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* (April, 1919).

WASHINGTON, THE CAPITAL

The white-walled Rome of an unwritten epic,
 Spreading like the waters of a new well-run;
 Drinking at the lips of a clear green river
 Rising in the fountains and the wells of the sun!

Nothing of imperial dust in her cellars,
 Nothing of the torn old tower and dome;
 Mistress of her clean white halls unhaunted—
 City of the sunrise, altar, and home!

City of the sunrise hills unhaunted
 By the skulls of kings and the ribs of decay;
 Seeded in the earth like a clean deep tap-root—
 The granite in the oak of her boughs to-day!

A white ship built in a cool green forest
 And launched with the green leaves fresh on her
 bow,
 Sun on her sails and foam on her anchors,
 Half-way out on her maiden trip now!

The clean new Rome of an unwritten epic,
 Spreading to the borders of a universal dream;
 A white ship launched on a universal river.
 Steering for the sun at the mouth of the stream!

ALOYSIUS COLL.

By permission of *The Nation*, and the courtesy of the Author.

AMERICA

Land of the High Heart and the Open Hand,
Land of the Splendid Shield without a stain,
Land for whose future deep-eyed patriots planned,
Land of the Sword that never flashed in vain!

Beloved of Pilgrim as of Cavalier,
Your beauteous brow is wreathed with palm and pine,
And hunted hearts found sanctuary here
In your wide arms, beloved Land of Mine!

Always You fought for Freedom—first your own,
Then of the seas, then at the anguished cry
Of desperate peoples crushed beneath a throne.
(God's Great Samaritan that passed not by.)

You have gone forth once more in high crusade,
Nor was your conquering banner ever furled
Till Tyranny had lost its last stockade
And Freedom was the Birthright of the World.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

From the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, December, 1919, by permission
of the Century Company, and the courtesy of the Author.

UNMANIFEST DESTINY

To what new fates, my country, far
And unforeseen of foe or friend,
Beneath what unexpected star,
Compelled to what unchosen end,

Across the sea that knows no beach,
The Admiral of Nations guides
Thy blind obedient keels to reach
The harbor where thy future rides!

The guns that spake at Lexington
Knew not that God was planning then
The trumpet word of Jefferson
To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,
What saw it but despair and shame?
Who saw behind the cloud the sun?
Who knew that God was in the flame?

Had not defeat upon defeat,
Disaster on disaster come,
The slave's emancipated feet
Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a Hand that bends our deeds
To mightier issues than we planned;
Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,
My country, serves its dark command.

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.

RICHARD HOVEY.

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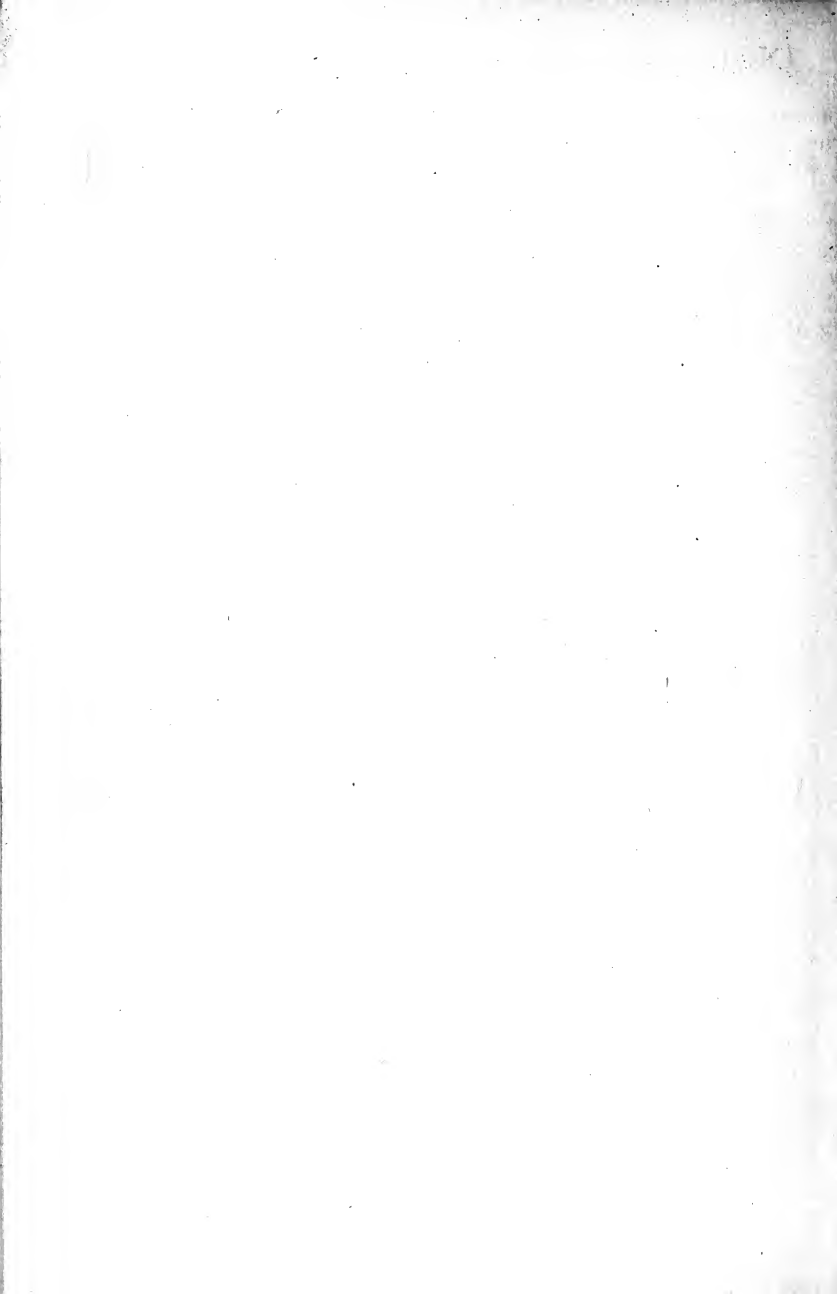
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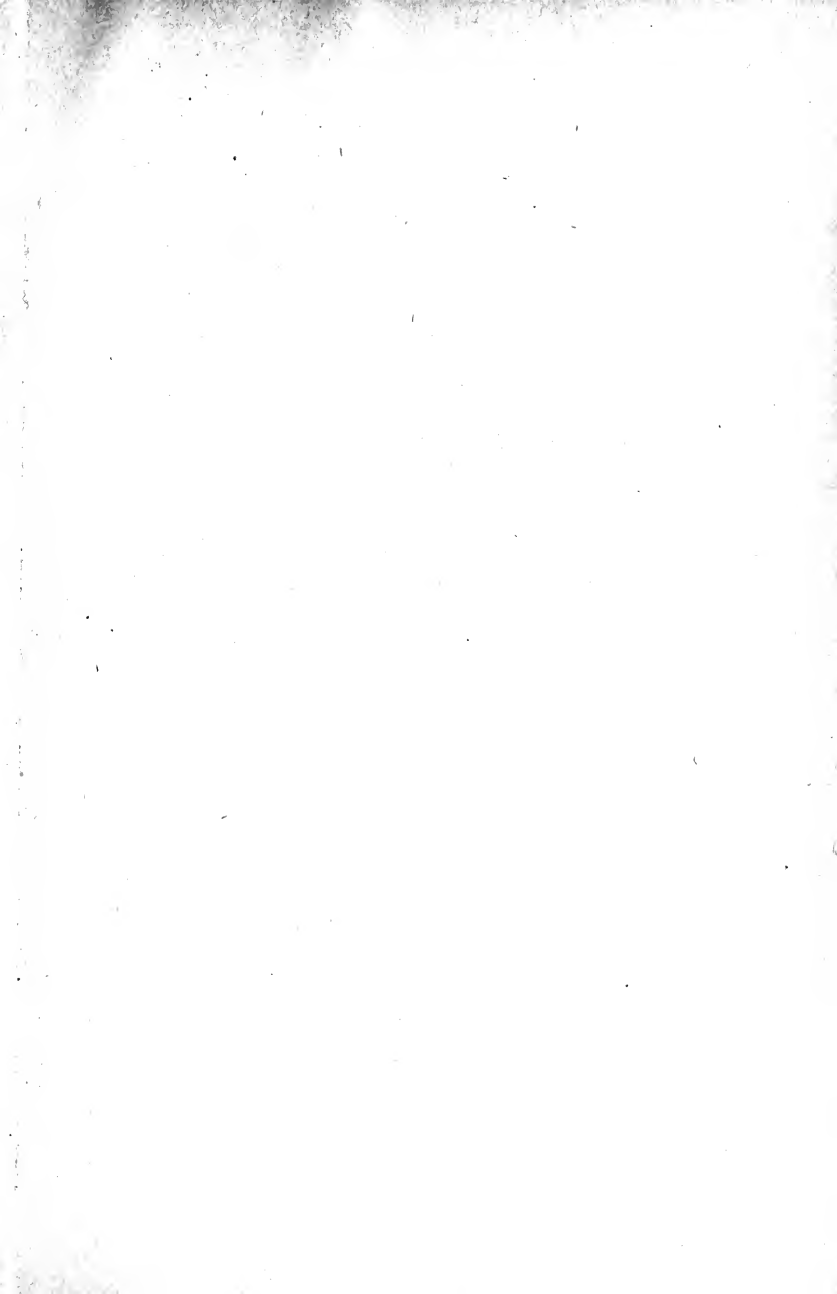
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